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Onely the shadow of that brittle case
Wherein were treasurd vp those Gems which h
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Boanerges and *Barnabas*:

JUDGMENT and MERCY, Or, WINE and OYLE

FOR

Wounded and Afflicted *SOULS.*

In two Parts.

BY

FRA. QUARLES.

The fifth Edition.

LONDON,
Printed for *R. Royston*, at the Angel in *Ivy-Lane*, 1660.

A Preface to the READER.

THE great and general decay of religion in this nation, as it juſtly gives occaſion of wonder, ſo it is of concernment great enough to excuſe the trouble of enquiring into the true cauſes of ſo great a declenſion of piety. And beſides our own experience it is eaſily obſerved out of all the hiſtory of the Church, that a long peace and a continual ſucceſſion of proſperous times leads on to the corruption of the faith, the decay of holineſs and charity. The Church of Chriſt hath ſeldome been a gainer by a temporal peace; as ſhe grew in riches and power, ſhe ſtill went leſs in piety and holineſs. Religion as it puts not on ſuch beauties as allure the eye of the world, ſo it needs not the warmth of Halcyon

daies to breed in: like some precious gummes, it distills in greatest plenty after stormes and violent thunders. And faith & holiness have never more flourished, then when the Professors of it have been well exercised by the persecutions of the Adversaries. And however the common enemy of our Salvation doth then act the Lion, worrying the little flock of Christ, *devouring and breaking in pieces and stamping the residue with his feet*; yet all this mischief is more then abundantly recompensed by those great advantages the Church of God receives by the triumphant sufferings and exemplar patience of the Saints. Insomuch that the mischief he doth in calm and prosperous times is more to be feared, because not so easily discerned and prevented, when by his serpentine subtilty he insinuates into the people of God the leven of spiritual pride,

Daniel 7.7.

schisme,

ſchiſme, contempt or neglect of his word, with all the evils that wantonneſs or ſecurity bring in their retinue: ſo that as the bleſſings of peace uſe to make up our thanksgivings, we have now reaſon to mention them in our penitential threnes and the ſongs of our ſorrow. This cauſe hath had an univerſal influence, and corrupted even ſome of thoſe whoſe Sacred Office obliged them to maintain the purity and ſincerity of religion either with their doctrine or their blood.

Whence the ſecond cauſe has its riſe; the great remiſneſs both of civil and of ſacred diſcipline. This made men either tranſgreſs the Laws with impunity, or be cenſured with partiality. For the Eccleſiaſtick power (with grief I mention it, not as an argument of reproach) was not ſo ſtrongly bent againſt prophaneneſs as duty and neceſſity did require. To which I may adde that,

whose parentage is of the same cause, the lives of many Churchmen bore a greater conformity to the sins they were to reprove, then the vertues and precepts they taught. The world had so high a place in some of their hearts, that themselves soon found little interest in the hearts of the world. And when the Dispensers of religion fall into contempt, it must be a strong arm, and more then that of flesh, that can bear up religion it self, and keep that from falling too. As government in the Church was intended a remedy against Schisme, so the corruption of government let in Schismes and Factions in a full channel.

And that is a third cause of the decay of piety, *viz.* The Schismes, which have so shaken the fabrick of this Church, that nothing but a hand revealed from heaven can restore it again to its former strength and soundness. An abused zeal hath had

had his evil influence upon the doctrines of almoſt all parties; that they have reſpectively thought the beſt way to find a truth, was to ſtand themſelves at the greateſt diſtance they could from their opponents. That there were few parts either of Faith and Obedience which were not by ſome diſſenting parties reported as needleſs ſuperſtition or ſinfull, upon no better ground then this, that the thing could not be good in it ſelf, becauſe it came from an adverſary: a ground as vain, as if the Spaniard ſhould refuſe the Gold with which his Indian fleet comes home laden, becauſe it comes from the Antipodes of his Imperial City. By this means Faith and good Works, Prayer and Preaching, Repentance and Evangelical Holineſs, Prayer in Forms and *Extempore* have been alternately cryed up to one anothers prejudice or loſs. And the effect hath been as ill, as the principle was full

of errour and miſtake. And from theſe diſputes, the concluſion hath been made by many, that religion might be well enough preſerved and God ſufficiently ſerved without any of theſe; that what any faction diſputed againſt was not at all neceſſary; that the inſtances of all duty were ſo clearly in Scripture determined, that no argument could be ſtrong enough to make a tender conſcience doubt of the neceſſity. If theſe ſpeculations had been confined to the Schools, the miſchief had ſpread no further then the noiſe of their wranglings: but ſince they have been the exerciſe and trouble of the weakeſt underſtandings and the moſt illiterate men, they that held their religion by the weakeſt tenure have firſt quitted the poſſeſſion. So the publick aſſemblies have been made to ſerve the ends of faction, or wholly forſaken, and the hours of prayer have called them too ſeldome into their

their closets: and the Church hath been abandoned by many, because they could not there hear the sweet whispers of peace and comfort for the rude noises of strife and debate.

For the fourth cause; mistaken zeal hath caused many Preachers to intermeddle too busily in their solemn discourses to the people with controversies not onely Theological but Political too, with more respect to the interest of their party then that of religion and the kingdome of Jesus. Thus contention grew, and faction thrived, and charity first left our Pulpits and then our hearts: And while men were taken up with the consideration of mysteries, they neglected plain necessary duties, and fell into the sink of all sin and impiety, like the *Milesian* Philosopher, that with so much intention lift up his eyes to behold the stars, and consider their aspects, that neglecting the care of the way he walked in, he

fell

fell into a lake, where he ended his life and ſpeculation too. And this evil prevailed the more becauſe,

In the fifth place, there hath been a want of ſufficient maintenance in many places of the land for the ſupport of faithful and able Miniſters. Such from their pulpits might have rebuked this fooliſh ſpirit that was gone forth, and knew how by their doctrine and more edifying example to preach obedience and practical religion, in ſtead of ſublime notions and uſeleſs myſteries and empty controverſies; and who would eſteem it more honour, and find more comfort in ſubduing one luſt then to have fathom'd all the depths of ſuch knowledge.

By all which it appears, that the diſeaſe is dangerous enough to need a remedy; and that the Reader hath many things beſide his private concernments to make the matter of his prayers. The way to exempt himſelf from

from the epidemical guilt of theſe evils is to contend againſt them by prayer and practice: & that the right uſe of this book may be of ſome efficacy to reſiſt the growth of the evil, I have thus much reaſon to warrant my belief, becauſe it hath already been more then once ſo well entertain'd abroad. Concerning which I will not weary the Reader (who hath already, I ſuſpect, too often looked forward to ſee how farre it is to the end of this addreſs) to diſcourſe to him of the Author, or this work. His own pen has ſet him forth more, then now to need either Panegyrick or teſtimonials. And the uſefulneſs of the work I had rather the Reader ſhould underſtand by his own experience then mine. If he be devout, the title and deſign will invite his eye and pleaſe it too: if not, I have no temptation to adde any more evidences and aggravation to his crime of ſcoffing religion and religious books.

If

If it be thought neceſſary that ſomething may be ſaid to compoſe the Readers mind concerning forms of prayer, becauſe *Extemporary* effuſions are the only acceptable ſacrifice, what uſe can there be of this Eſſay? I ſhall only ſay this, that the truly pious Reader may make uſe of this in his meditations, or other devotion, or as a pattern or *Directory* to both. This moreover is manifeſt, the word of God is wholly ſilent in determining whether we ſhould uſe forms of prayer or *extempore*, and in other inſtances ſuch ſilence is taken for an argument of indifferency. But however, the gift of prayer conſiſts not in a volubility of tongue, and ready command of words (that hath ſupernatural, and this only natural cauſes) but in the true affection and ſincerity of the heart: For many graceleſs perſons and meer hypocrites have been obſerved to excel in a readineſs of affectionate expreſ-

ſion,

sion, and a great command of Scripture-phrase. But let the pious Christian seriously reflect upon his sins with a true and a growing sorrow, and work his heart into a deep affection of his wants, and a due apprehension of that Majesty to whom he makes his address (to which end he may receive great assistance from this book) and he who makes such preparation, will want neither the gift nor reward of prayer, whether his prayers be set and composed or *extempore*. And if I may but feel the best effects of the prayers of this book offered up to heaven with a spirit truly broken and humbled (if the Christian Reader please to believe I deserve so much charity from him) I shall not be without reward, nor he use this book without benefit.

A short narrative of the Authors Life.

COncerning those we love, we are curious to know all we can. And if the stone be of price, we are not contented the least fragment should perish. Know then that the Author of this book was a Gentleman of an ancient family. His Father was *James Quarles* of *Rumford* Esquire, Clerk of the Green-cloth, and Purveyor of the Navy to *Queen Elizabeth*, younger Brother to Sir *Robert Quarles*. After his education at school in the Country and at Christs Colledge in *Cambridge*, and last at *Lincolns Inne*, he was for sometime Cup-bearer to the *Queen* of *Bohemia*, and then Secretary to the Reverend & learned the late *Lord Primate* of *Ireland*. Last of all Chronologer to the *City* of *London*, in which office he died. And the world had known that by a more eminent testimony, if Death had not kept him from finishing what he had designed and begun. He was the Husband of one wife, and by her the Father of eighteen children. As in his life he had been most religious, so was he in his Death; in both a great Example of Devotion. He died *September* 8. 1644. being two and fifty years old, and lieth buried in the parish Church of S. *Foster London*.

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Judgment and Mercy for afflicted Souls.

Part I.

The ſenſual mans Solace.

Come let's be *merry* and rejoyce our ſouls in *frolick* and in *freſh delights*: Let's skrue our pamper'd hearts a pitch beyond the reach of dull-brow'd ſorrow: Let's paſs the ſlow-pac'd time in melancholy-charming *mirth*, and take the advantage of our *youthful* daies: Let's baniſh *care* to the dead Sea of Phlegmatick *old age*; Let a *deep ſigh* be *high Treaſon*, and let a *ſolemn look* be adjudg'd a *Crime* too great for *Pardon*. My ſerious *ſtudies* ſhall be to draw *mirth* into a body, to analyſe *laughter*, and to paraphraſe upon the various Texts of all *delight*. My *recreations* ſhall be to ſtill *Pleaſure* into a quinteſſence, to reduce *Beautie* to her firſt principles, and to extract a perfect *Innocence* from the milk-white Doves of *Venus*. Why ſhould I ſpend my precious minutes in the ſullen and dejected ſhades of *ſadneſs*? or ravel out my ſhort-liv'd dayes in ſolemn and heart-breaking *Care*? Houres have Eagles-wings, and when their haſty flight ſhall put a period to our numbred dayes, the world is gone with us, and all our forgotten joyes are left to be enjoyed by the ſucceeding Generations, and we are ſnatcht we know not how

His Sentence.

how, we know not whether, and wrapt in the dark bosome of eternal night. Come then, my soul, be wise, make use of the *Time present*: that which is gone is past recalling, lost, and not to be redeem'd. Eat thy Bread with a *merry* heart, and gulp down *care* in *frolick* cups of liberal Wine. Beguile the tedious nights with *dalliance*, and steep thy stupid senses in unctions, in delightful *sports*: 'Tis all the portion that this transitory world can give thee. Let Musick, Voices, Masques, midnight Revels, and all that melancholy wisdome censures *vain*, be thy *delights*; and let thy care-abjuring soul *shear up* and *sweeten* the short daies of thy consuming *youth*. Follow the *waies* of thy own *heart*, and take the freedome of thy sweet *desires*. Leave no *delight* untryed, and spare no cost to heighten up thy *Lusts*. Take *pleasure* in the *choice* of *pleasures*, and please thy curious *eyes* with all *varieties*, to satisfie thy soul in all things which thy heart *desires*. I, but my soul, when those *evil dales* shall come wherein thy *wasting pleasures* shall present their *Items* to thy *bed-rid view*, when all *diseases* and the *evils of age* shall muster up their Forces in thy crasy bones, where be thy *comforts* then?

Consider, O my Soul, and know that the day will come, and after that another, wherein for all these things

Eccles. 11. 9.

God will bring thee to judgment.

His

His Proofs.

Prov. 14. 13.

EVen in laughter the heart is ſorrowful, and the end of that mirth is heavineſs.

Eccleſ. 2. 2.

I ſaid in my heart, Go to now, I will prove thee with mirth, and therefore enjoy pleaſure: and behold this alſo is vanity. I ſaid of laughter, It is mad; and of mirth, What doth it?

James 5. 5.

Ye have lived in pleaſure on the earth, and been wanton; ye have nouriſhed your hearts as in the day of ſlaughter.

Eccleſ. 7. 4.

The heart of the wiſe-man is in the houſe of mourning: but the heart of fools is in the houſe of mirth.

Iſid. in Synonymis.

Pleaſure is an Inclination to the unlawful objects of a corrupted minde, allured with a momentary ſweetneſs.

Hugo.

Senſuality is an immoderate indulgence of the fleſh, a ſweet poyſon, a ſtrong plague, a dangerous potion, which effeminates the body, and enervates the ſoul.

Caſſ. lib. 4. Ep.

They are moſt ſenſible of the burthen of affliction that are moſt taken with the pleaſures of the fleſh.

His

His Soliloquie.

WHat hast thou now to say, O my soul, why this *judgment*, seconded with divine *proofs*, backt with the *harmony* of holy men, should not proceed against thee? Dally no longer with thy own *Salvation*, nor flatter thy own *Corruption*. Remember, the wages of flesh are *sin*, and the wages of sin, *death*. God hath threatned it, whose *judgments* are *terrible*: God hath witnessed it, whose *words* are *truth*. Consider then my soul, and let not *momentary pleasures* flatter thee into *eternity of torments*. How many that have *trod thy steps* are now roaring in the *flames of Hell*? and yet thou trifleſt away the time of thy *Repentance*. O my poor deluded soul, *presume* no longer; Repent *to day*, lest *to morrow* come too late. Or couldst thou travel out thy daies beyond *Methusalem*, tell me, alas, what will *Eternity* be the shorter for the deduction of a thousand years? Be wisely provident therefore O my soul, and bid *vanity*, the common sorceress of the world, farewell: life and death are yet before thee, *Chuse life*, and the God of life will seal thy *choyce*. *Prostrate* thy self before him who delights not in the *death* of a *sinner*, and present thy *Petitions* to him who can deny thee nothing in the name of a *Saviour*.

His Prayer.

O God in the beautie of whose holiness is the *true joy* of those that *love* thee, the *fulness* of those that *fear* thee, and the *only* gift of those that *prize* thee; in respect of which the *transitory pleasures* of the world are *as then nothing*, in comparison of which the greatest *wisdome* of the world is *folly*, and the glory of the earth but *dross* and *dung*; how dares my boldness thus presume to press into thy glorious presence? What can my prayers expect but thy just *wrath* & heavie *indignation*? or what return can the tainted breath of my polluted lips deserve, but to be bound hand and foot, and cast into the flames of Hell? But Lord the *merits* of my Saviour are greater then the *offences* of a sinner, and the sweetness of thy *mercy* exceeds the sharpness of my *misery*. The horrour of thy *judgments* have seized upon me, and I languish through the sense of thy *displeasure*. I have forsaken thee the rest of my distressed soul, and set my affections upon the *vanitie* of the deceitful world; I have taken *pleasure* in my *foolishness*, and have vaunted my self in mine *iniquitie*; I have flattered my soul with the *bony* of *delights*, whereby I am made sensible of the *sting* of my *affliction*: Therefore I loath and utterly abhor my self, and from the bottom of my heart repent in dust and ashes. Behold, O Lord, I am impure and vile, and have wallowed in the puddle of mine

own

own Corruptions. The Sword of thy displeasure is drawn out against me, and what shall I plead, O thou preserver of mankind? Make me a *new Creature*, O my God, and destroy the *old man* within me. Remove my affections from the love of *transitory things*, that I may run the way of thy *Commandements*. Turn away mine eyes from beholding *vanity*, and make thy *Testimonies* my whole *delight*. Give me strength to discern the *emptiness* of the *creature*, and inebriate my heart with the *fulness* of thy *Joyes*. Be thou my portion O God, at whose right hand stand pleasures for evermore. Be thou my refuge and my shield, and suffer me not to sink under the *corruptions* of my heart. Let not the house of *mirth* beguile me, but give me a sense of the *evil* to come. Accept the free-will-offerings of my mouth, and grant my petitions for the honour of thy Name. Then will I magnifie thy mercies O God, and praise thy Name for ever and ever.

S. Bernard.

Delicate and tender members become not a bead stuck with thorns.

Anonym.

The pleasure of sin vanishes, the guilt remains, and the punishment is eternal.

The

The Vain-glorious mans Vaunt.

Hat tell'ſt thou me, of *Conſcience* or a *pious* life? They are good *trades* for a *leaden* ſpirit, that can ſtand *bent* to every *frown*, and wants the *brains* to make a *higher Fortune*, or *courage* to atchieve that *honour* which might *glorifie* their *names* and write their *memories* in the *Chronicles* of Fame. Tis true, *Humilitie* is a *needful gift* in thoſe that have no Qualitie to exerciſe their *pride*; and *patience* is a *neceſſary Grace* to keep the world in *peace*, and him that hath it in a *whole skinne*, and often proves a *vertue* born of a meer *neceſſitie*. And civil *Honeſty* is a *fair pretenſe* for him that hath no wit to act the *Knave*, and makes a man capable of a little higher ſtile then *Fool*. And bluſhing *modeſty* is a pretty *innocent qualitie*, and ſerves to vindicate an eaſie nature from the imputation of all *ill breeding*. Theſe are *inferiour Graces*, that have not got a *good opinion* in the *dull wiſdome* of the world, and appear like water among the *Elements*, to moderate the *body Politick*, and keep it from *combuſtion*; nor doe they come into the *work* of *honour*. *Vertue* conſiſts in *Action*, and the *reward* of *Action* is *Glory*. *Glory* is the *great ſoule* of the *little world*, and is the *Crown* of all *ſublime attempts*, and the *point* whereto the *crooked wayes* of policy are all *concentrick*. *Honour* conſiſts not with a *pious*

His Verdict.

life. Let those that are *ambitious* of *a religious reputation* abjure all *honourable Titles*, and let their *dough-bak'd* spirits take a pride in *sufferance* (the Anvile of all injuries) and be thankfully baffled into a quiet pilgrimage. Rapes, murthers, treasons, dispossessions, riots are venial things to *men* of *honour*, and oft co-incident in high pursuits. Had my dull *Conscience* stood upon such nice points, that little *honour* I have wonne had glorified some other arme, and left me *begging morsels* at his Princely gates. Come, come, my soule, *Id facinus juvat, quod fieri non licet*. Feare not to doe, what *crowns* thee being done. Ride on with thy *honour*, and create a *name* to live with fair *Eternitie*. Enjoy thy purchas'd *Glory* as the *merit* of thy *renowned Action*, and let thy memory entaile it to succeeding Generations. Make thy own game; and if thy *Conscience check* thee, *correct* thy sawcy *Conscience*, till she stand as mute as metamorphos'd *Niobe*. Feare not the *frowns* of *Princes*, or the *imperious hand* of various *Fortune*: Thou art too *bright* for the one to *obscure*, and too *great* for the other to cry down.

But hark my soul, I hear a voice that thunders in mine ear,

Hos. 4. 7.

I will change their glory into shame.

His

His Proofs.

Psal. 49. 20.

Man that is born in honour and understandeth not, is like the beasts that perish.

Prov. 25. 27.

It is not good to eat too much Honey: so for men to search their own glory is not glory.

Jer. 9. 23.

Thus saith the Lord, Let not the wise man glory in his wisedome, neither let the mighty man glory in his might, nor let the rich man glory in his riches: But let him that glorieth glory in this, that he understandeth and knoweth me that I am the Lord.

Gal. 5. 26.

Let us not be desirous of vain-glory, &c.

S. August.

The vain glory of the world is a deceitful sweetness, an unfruitful labour, a perpetual fear, a dangerous bravery, begun without providence, and finished not without repentance.

Chrysost.

If thou desir'st to be magnified and accounted honourable, despise honour, so shalt thou be honour'd even of all.

S. Greg.

He that makes transitory honour the reward of a good work, sets eternal glory at a low rate.

His Soliloquie.

VAin *glory* is a *Froth* which blown off discovers a great *want of measure*. Canst thou, O my soule, be guiltie of such an *emptinesse*, and not be challeng'd? Canst thou appear in the searching eye of heaven, and not expect to be cast away? Deceive not thy self, O my soul, nor flatter thy self with thine own *greatnesse*. Search thy self to the bottome, and thou shalt find enough to *humble* thee. Dost thou glory in the favour of a Prince? The *frowns* of a Prince determine it. Dost thou glory in thy *strength*? A poor *Ague* betraies it. Dost thou glory in thy *wealth*? The hand of a *thief* extinguishes it. Behold, my soul, how like a *Bubble* thou appearest, and with a *Sigh* break into sorrow. The *gate of* heaven is *streight*; canst thou hope to enter without *breaking*? The *Bubble* that would pass the Floodgates must first *dissolve*. My soule, melt then in *teares*, and emptie thy self of all thy *vanitie*, and thou shalt finde divine *Repletion*; evaporate in thy *Devotion*, and thou shalt recruit thy greatnes to eternall *Glory*.

Anonym. Stran.

Remember O man from whence thou wert taken, and that thou art brother to the dung-hill.

His

His Prayer.

AND can I chuſe O God but tremble at thy *Judgements*? Or can my ſtony heart not ſtand amazed at thy *Threatnings*? It is thy voyce O God, and thou haſt ſpoken it: It is thy voyce O God, and I have heard it. Hadſt thou ſo dealt by me as thou didſt by *Babels* proud King, and driven me from the ſons of men, thou hadſt but done according to thy righteouſneſs, and rewarded me according to my deſervings. What couldſt thou ſee in me leſs worthy of thy vengeance, then in him the example of thy juſtice? or Lord, wherein am I more undapable of thy indignation? There is nothing in me to move thy *mercy* but my *miſery*. Thy *goodneſs* is thy ſelf, and hath no ground but what proceedeth from it ſelf: yet have I ſinned againſt that *goodneſs*, and have thereby heaped up wrath againſt the day of wrath; inſomuch that, had not thy grace abounded with my ſinne, I had long ſince been confounded in my ſin, and ſwallowed up in the Gulph of thy diſpleaſure. But Lord thou takeſt no delight to puniſh, and with thee is no reſpect of perſons: Thou takeſt no pleaſure in the *confuſion* of thy creature, but rejoyceſt rather in the *converſion* of a ſinner. Convert me therefore O God, I ſhall be then converted: Make me ſenſible of my owne corruptions, that I may ſee the vileneſs of my own condition. Pull downe the *pride* of my ambiti-

ous heart; *humble* me thou O God, and I shall be humbled; wean me from the thirst of *transitory honour*, and let my whole delight be to *glory* in thee. Touch thou my *conscience* with the fear of thy name, that in all my actions I may fear to offend thee. Endue me O Lord with the spirit of *meekness*, and teach me to overcome evil with a patient heart: *moderate* and curb the exorbitances of my passion, and give me *temperate* use of all thy creatures. Repleniſh my heart with the Graces of thy ſpirit, that in all my wayes I may be acceptable in thy ſight. In all conditions give me a *contented* minde, and upon all occaſions grant me a grateful heart, that *honouring* thee here in the Church Militant before men, I may be *glorified* hereafter in the Church Triumphant before thee and Angels, where filled with *true glory* according to the meaſure of Grace thou ſhalt be pleaſed to give me here, I may with Angels and Arch-angels praiſe thy Name for ever and ever hereafter.

S. Chryſoſt.

They who have deſpiſed all the temptations of riches, and have defiled themſelves with no worldly imagination, and have nobly reſiſted the ſtrong impulſes of concupiſcence, oftentimes being overcome with vain-glory have loſt all.

The

The Oppressors Plea.

Seek but whats my own by *Law*; It was his *own free Act* and *Deed*: The execution lies for *goods* or *body*, and *goods* or *body* I will have, or else my *money*. What if his beggerly *children* pine, or his proud *wife* perish? They perish at their *own* charge, not *mine*, and what is that to me? I must be *paid*, or he *lie by it* untill I have my *utmost farthing*, or his *bones*. The *Law* is just and good, and being ruled by that, how can my faire proceedings be *unjust*? What's *thirty in the hundred* to a man of Trade? Are we born to thrum Caps or pick straws? and sell our *livelyhood* for a few *teares*, and a whining face? I thank God they move me not so much as a *howling* dog at midnight. Ile *give no day* if *heaven* it self would be *security*: I must have *present money* or his *bones*. The *Commodity* was good enough, as wares went then, and had he had but a thriving wit, with the necessary help of a *good merchandable conscience*, he might have gained perchance as much as now he lost; but howsoever, gain or not gain, I must have my *money*. Two tedious *Terms* my deareſt gold hath lain in his unprofitable hands. The cost of *Suite* hath made mee bleed above a score of *Royals*, besides my *Interest*, travel, half pintes and bribes; all which does but increase my beggerly defendants damages, and

His Punishment.

ſets him deeper on my ſcore: but right's right, and I will have my *money* or his *bones*. Fifteen ſhillings in the pound compoſition? I'le hang firſt. Come, tell not me of a *good conſcience*, a good conſcience is no parcell of my trade; it hath made more *Bankrupts* then all the looſe wives in the univerſal City. My conſcience is no foole: It tells me that my owne's my owne, and that a well-cramm'd *bagge* is no deceitfull friend, but will ſtick cloſe to me when all my *friends* forſake me. If to gain a good *eſtate* out of nothing, and to regain a deſperate debt which is as good as nothing, be the fruits and ſigne of a *bad conſcience*, God help the *good*. Come, tell not me of griping and *Oppreſſion*. The world is hard, and he that hopes to thrive muſt gripe as hard. What I give I give, and what I lend I lend. If the way to heaven be to turn *begger* upon earth, let them take it that like it. I know not what ye call *Oppreſſion*; the *Law* is my direction: but of the two it is more profitable to oppreſs then to be oppreſt. If debtors would be honeſt and diſcharge, our hands were bound; but when their failing offends my *baggs*, they touch the *Apple* of my eye, and I muſt right them.

But hah! what voyce is this that whiſpers in mine eare?

The Lord will ſpoile the ſoule of the Oppreſſors, Prov. 22. 23.

His

His Proofs.

Prov. 22. 22, 23.

Rob not the poore becauſe he is poor, neither oppreſs the afflicted in the gates: for the Lord will plead their cauſe, and ſpoile the ſoul of them that have ſpoiled him.

Ezek. 22. 29.

The people of the land have uſed oppreſſion, and exerciſed Robbery, and have vexed the poore and needy; yea, they have oppreſſed the ſtranger wrongfully: Therefore I have poured out my indignation upon them, I have conſumed them with the fire of my wrath.

Zach. 7. 9.

Execute true judgment, and ſhew mercy and compaſſion every man to his brother, and oppreſs not the widow nor the fatherleſs, nor the ſtranger nor the poor, and let none of you imagine evil in your hearts againſt his brother. But they refuſed to hearken; therefore came a great wrath from the Lord of Hoſts.

Bernard. p. 1691.

We ought ſo to care for our ſelves, as not to neglect the due regard of our neighbour.

Bern. Ibid.

He that is not merciful to another ſhall not find mercy from God: but if thou wilt be merciful and compaſſionate, thou ſhalt be a benefactor to thy own ſoul.

His Soliloquie.

IS it wisdome in thee, O my soul, to covet a *happiness*, or rather to account it so, that is sought for with a *judgment*, obtained with a *Curse*, and punished with *damnation*; and to neglect that *good* which is assured with a *promise*, purchased with a *blessing*, and rewarded with a *Crown* of Glory? Canst thou hold a *full estate, a good penyworth*, which is bought with the dear price of thy Gods *displeasure*? Tell me, What continuance can that *Inheritance* promise that is raised upon the *ruines* of thy Brother? Or what *mercy* canst thou expect from heaven, that hast denyed all *mercy* to thy *Neighbour*? O my hard-hearted soul consider, and relent: Build not an house whose posts are subject to be rotted with a *curse*: Consider what the God of truth hath threatned against thy *cruelty*: Relent and turn *compassionate*, that thou maist be capable of his *compassion*. If the *desire of Gold* hath hardned thy heart, let the *teares* of true *Repentance* mollifie it: soften it with *Aarons eyntment*, untill it become like Wax to take the impression of that *seale* which must confirm thy *Pardon*.

Prov. 5. 15.
Drink waters out of thine own Cistern.

His

His Prayer.

But will my God be now entreated? Is not my crying ſin too loud for Pardon? Am I not ſunk too deep into the Jaws of Hell, for thy ſtrong arme to reſcue? Hath not the *hardneſs* of my *heart* made me uncapable of thy compaſſion? O if my tears might waſh away my ſinne, my head ſhould turn a living Spring. Lord I have heard thee ſpeak and am afraid; the word is paſt, and thy judgments have found me out. Fearfulneſs and trembling are come upon me, and the Jaws of Hell have overwhelmed me. I have *oppreſſed the poor*, and added *affliction* to the *afflicted*, and the voyce of their miſery is come before thee. They beſought me with tears, and in the anguiſh of their ſouls, but I have ſtopt mine ears againſt the cry of their complaint. But Lord, thou walkeſt not the wayes of man, and remembreſt mercy in the midſt of thy wrath; for thou art good and gracious, and ready to forgive, and plenteous in compaſſion to all that ſhall call upon thee. Forgive me O God my ſins that are paſt, and deliver me from the guilt of my *Oppreſſion*. Take from me O God this heart of ſtone, and create in me a heart of fleſh. Aſſwage the vehemency of my deſires to the things below, and ſatisfie my ſoul with the ſufficiency of thy Grace. Inflame my affections, that I may love thee with a filial love, and encline me to relie upon thy fatherly providence.

Let

Let me account *godlineſs* my greateſt *gaine*, and ſubdue in me my *luſts* after filthy *lucre*. Preſerve me O Lord from the vanity of *ſelf-love*, and plant in my affections the true *love* of my *neighbours*. Endue my heart with the bowels of *compaſſion*, and then reward me according to thy righteouſneſs. Direct me O God in the wayes of my life, and let a good Conſcience be my continual comfort. Give me a willing heart to make *reſtitution* of what I have wrongfully gotten by *oppreſſion*. Grant me a lawful uſe of all thy Creatures, and a thankful heart for all thy benefits. Be mercifull to all thoſe that groan under the burden of their own wants, and give them patience to expect thy deliverance. Give me a heart that may acknowledge thy favours, and fill my tongue with praiſe and thankſgiving; that living here a new life, I may become a new creature, and being engrafted in thee by the power of thy grace, I may bring forth fruit to thy honour and glory.

S. Chryſoſt.

God is not honoured in the expence of that money which is bedewed with the teares of the Oppreſſed.

Sol.

He that oppreſſeth the poore upbraideth his maker.

The

The Druphards Jubilee.

WHat *Complement* will the severer world allow to the *vacant houres* of frolick-hearted *youth*? How shall their *free*, their *jovial spirits* entertain their *time*, their *friends*? What Oyle shall be infused into the Lamp of dear *societie*, if they deny the privilege of a civil rejoycing *Cup*? It is the *life*, the *radicall humor* of *untied souls*, whose love digestive heat even ripens and ferments the green materialls of a plighted faith; without the help whereof *new married friendship* falls into *divorce*, and joyn'd *acquaintance* soon resolves into the first Elements of *strangeness*. What meane these strict *Reformers* thus to spend their hour-glasses, and bawle against our harmless *Cups*? to call our meetings *Riots*, and brand our civil mirth with stiles of loose *Intemperance*? where they can sit at a sisters Feast, devour and gormandize beyond excess, and wipe the guilt from off their marrowed mouths, and cloath their surfeits in the long fustian Robes of a *tedious Grace*. Is it not much better in a fair friendly *Round* (since youth must have a swing) to steep our soul-afflicting sorrows in a chirping *Cup*, then hazard our estates upon the abuse of providence in a foolish cast at *Dice*? or at a *Cock pit* leave our doubtfull fortunes to the mercy of unmercifull contention? or spend our wanton daies in sacrificing costly presents

to

to a *fleshly Idol*? Was not *Wine* given to exhilarate the *drooping hearts*, and raise the drowzie spirits of *dejected souls*? Is not the liberal *Cup* of the *Sucking bottle* of the sons of *Phœbus*, to solace and refresh their palates in the nights of sad *Invention*? Let dry-brain'd *Zelots* spend their idle breaths, my *cups* shall be my *cordials* to restore my care-befeebled *heart* to the true *Temper* of a well-complexioned *mirth*: My solid *Brains* are potent, and can bear enough, without the least offence to my distempered *Senses*, or interruption of my boon companions. My *tongue* can in the very *Zenith* of my *Cups* deliver the expressions of my composed thoughts with better sense, then these my grave *Reformers* can their best advised prayers. My *Constitution* is pot-proof, and strong enough to make a fierce encounter with the most stupendious vessel that ever sailed upon the tides of *Bacchus*. My *Reason* shrinks not; my *passion* burns not.

O but my soul, I hear a threatning voyce, that interrupts my language.

Esay. 5. 22.

Woe be to them that are mighty to drinke Wine.

Hu

His Proofs.

Prov. 20. 1.

Wine is a mocker; ſtrong drink is raging; and whoſoever is deceived thereby is not wiſe.

Eſay. 5. 11.

Woe be to them that riſe up early in the morning to follow ſtrong drink, that continue till night, untill wine inflame them.

Prov. 23. 20.

Be not amongſt wine-bibbers,

1 Cor. 5. 11.

Now I have written unto you, not to keep company; if any that is called a brother be a drunkard, with ſuch a one no not to eat.

Aug. in lib. Pen.

Whilſt the drunkard ſwallows wine, wine ſwallows him; God diſregards him, Angels deſpiſe him, Men deride him, Vertue declines him, the Devil deſtroyes him.

Aug. ad ſac. virg.

Drunkenneſs is the mother of all evil, the matter of all miſchief, the well-ſpring of all vices, the trouble of the ſenſes, the tempeſt of the tongue, the ſhipwrack of chaſtity, the conſumption of time, a voluntary madneſs, the corruption of manners, the diſtemper of the body, and the deſtruction of the ſoule.

His

His Soliloquie.

MY soul, it is the voyce of God, digested into a *judgment*. There is no kicking against *Pricks*, or arguing against a divine *Truth*. Pleadest thou *Custome*? Custome in *sinne* multiplies it: Pleadest thou *society*? Society in the *offence* aggravates the punishment: Pleadest thou *help to Invention*? Woe be to that *barrenness* that wants such *showers*: Pleadest thou *strength* to bear much Wine? *Woe to those that are mighty to drink strong drink*. My soule, thou hast sinned against thy *Creator* in abusing that *creature* he made to serve thee; Thou hast sinned against the *creature*, in turning it to the *Creators* dishonour; Thou hast sinned against *thy self*, in making thy *comfort* thy *confusion*. How many want that *blessing* thou hast turn'd into a *curse*? How many *thirst* whilst thou *surfeitest*? What *satisfaction* wilt thou give to the *Creator*, to the *creature*, to *thy self*, against all whom thou hast transgressed? To *thy self*, by a *sober life*; to the *creature*, by a *right use*; to thy *Creator*, by a true *Repentance*: the way to all which is *Prayer* and *Thanksgiving*.

His

His Prayer.

HOw truly then, O God, this heavie woe belongs to this my boasted sin? How many judgements are comprised and abstracted in this woe, and all for me, even me O God, the miserable subject of thy eternal wrath; even me O Lord, the mark whereat the shafts of thy displeasure level? Lord, I was a sinner in my first conception, and in sin hath my mother brought me forth: I was no sooner, but I was a slave to sin, and all my life is nothing but the practise and trade of high Rebellion. I have turn'd thy blessings into thy dishonour, and all thy graces into wantonness. Yet hast thou been my God even from the very wombe, and didst sustain me when I hung upon my mothers breast. Thou hast washed me O Lord from my pollution, but like a Swine I have returned to my mire. Thou hast glaunced into my breast the blessed motions of thy holy Spirit, but I have quenched them with the springtides of my in-born corruption. I have vomited up my filthyness before thee, and like a dog have I returned to my vomit. Be merciful O God unto me: Have mercy on me O thou Son of *David*. I cannot O Lord expect the childrens bread; yet suffer me to lick the crumms that fall beneath their table. I that have so oft abused the greatest of thy blessings am not worthy of the meanest of thy favours. Look, look upon me according to the goodness of thy mercy,

mercy, and not according to the greatneſs of my offences. Give me O God a *ſober* heart, and a lawful *moderation* in the enjoyment of thy Creatures. Reclame my appetite from unſeaſonable delights, leſt I turn thy bleſſings into a curſe. In all my dejection be thou my comfort, and let my rejoycing be onely in thee. Propoſe to mine eyes the evilneſs of my dayes, and make me careful to redeem my time. Wean me from the pleaſure of vain *ſocietie*, and let my *Companions* be ſuch as fear thee. Forgive all ſuch as have been partners in my ſinne, and turn their hearts to the obedience of thy Laws. Open their ears to the reproofs of the wiſe, and make them powerfull in reformation. Allay that luſt which my *intemperance* hath inflam'd, and cleanſe my affections with the grace of thy good ſpirit: make me thankfull for the ſtrength of my body, that I may for the time to come return it to the advantage of thy glory.

S. Aug.

It is moſt ſhamefull, that luſt ſhould ſubdue him whom the ſtrength of man cannot: that he ſhould be overcome with wine, that ſcorns to ſtoop to anothers ſword.

Ecclus 31. 25.

Shew not thy valiantneſſe in wine, for wine hath deſtroyed many.

The

The Swearers Apology.

Will *Boaverges* never cease? And will these *Plague-denouncers* never leave to thunder judgments in my trembling eare? Nothing but *plagues*? Nothing but *judgments*? nothing but *damnation*? What have I done to make my case *desperate*? And what have they not done to make my soul *despaire*? Have I set up false Gods like the *Egyptians*? Or have I bowed before them like the *Israelites*? Have I violated the Sabbath like the *Libertines*? Or, like cursed *Cham*, have I discovered my fathers nakednes? Have I embrued my hands in blood like *Barabbas*? Or like *Absolon* defiled my fathers Bed? Have I like *Jacob* supplanted my elder brother? Or like *Ahab* intruded into *Nabals* Vineyard? Have I born false witnes like the wanton *Elders*? Or like *David* coveted *Uriahs* wife? Have I not given *Tithes* of all I have? Or hath my *purse* been hidebound to my *hungry* brother? Hath not my *life* been *blameless* before men? and my *demeanour unreproveable* before the world? Have I not hated *Vice* with a perfect hatred? and countenanc'd *Vertue* with a due respect? What mean these *strict observers* of my life, to ransack every *action*, to carpe at every *word*, and with their sharp censorious tongues to sentence every *frailty* with *damnation*? Is there no *allowance* to humanity?

humanity? No *Graines* to flesh and blood? Are we all *Angels?* Has mortality no *priviledge* to supersedeit from the utmostpunishment of a little *necessary* frailty? Come, come, my soul, let not these *judgment-thunders* fright thee: Let not these *Qualmes* of their *exuberant zeale* disturb thee. Thou hast not cursed like *Shimei*, nor rail'd like *Rabshekah*, nor lied like *Ananias*, nor slander'd like thy *accusers*. They that censure thy *Gnats* swallowed their own *Camels*. What if the luxuriant stile of thy discourse doe chance to strike upon an obvious *Oath*, art thou straight hurried into the bosome of a *Plague?* What if the *custome* of a harmless *Oath* should captivate thy heedless tongue, can nothing under sudden *judgment* seize upon thee? What if anothers *diffidence* should force thy earnest lips into a hasty *Oath*, in confirmation of a suffering *truth*; must thou be straightwaies branded with *damnation?* Was *Joseph* mark'd for everlasting death, for swearing by the life of *Egypts* King? Was *Peter* when he so denied his master, straight damn'd for *swearing*, and forswearing? O flatter not thy self my soul, nor turn thou *Advocate* to so high a sin: Make not the *slips* of Saints a *precedent* for thee to *fall*.

If the *Rebukes* of flesh may not prevaile, hear then the *threatning* of the Spirit which saith, *The Plague shall not depart from the house of the swearer.*

His

His Proofs.

Exod. 20. 7.

THou ſhalt not take the Name of the Lord thy God in vaine; for the Lord will not hold him guiltleſs that taketh his Name in vaine.

Zach. 5. 3.

And every one that ſweareth ſhall be cut off.

Math. 5. 34.

Sweare not at all, neither by Heaven, for it is Gods Throne, nor by the Earth, for it is his footſtool: But let your communication be Yea, yea, Nay, nay; for whatſoever is more then theſe cometh of evil.

Jer. 23. 10.

Becauſe of ſwearing the Land mourneth.

Aug. in Ser.

The murtherer killeth the body of his brother, but the ſwearer murthers his own ſoul.

Auguſt. in Pſal. 88.

It's well that God hath forbidden man to ſweare, leſt by cuſtome of ſwearing (in as much as we are apt to miſtake) we commit perjury: ther's none but God can ſafely ſwear, becauſe ther's no other but may be deceived.

Auguſt. de Mendacio.

I ſay unto you, Sweare not at all, leſt by ſwearing ye come to a facility of ſwearing, from a facility to a cuſtome, and from a cuſtome ye fall into perjury.

His Soliloquie.

O What a *judgment* is here! How terrible! How full of Execution! The *Plague*? the extract of all diseases! none so mortall, none so comfortless! It makes our house a *Prison*, our friends *strangers*. No *comfort* but in the expectation of the *months* end. I, but this judgment excludes that comfort too; *The Plague shall never depart from the house of the swearer*. What never? *Death* will give it a Period. No, but it shall be entail'd upon his *house*, his *family*. O detestable! O destructive sin! that leaves a *Crosse* upon the doores of *Generations*, and layes whole *families* upon the dust. A sin whereto neither *Profit* incites, nor *Pleasure* allures, nor *Necessity* compels, nor *Inclination* of nature perswades; a meer *voluntary*, begun with a *malignant* imitation, and continued with an *habituall* presumption. Consider, O my soule, every *Oath* hath been a nayle to wound that *Saviour* whose *blood* (O mercy above expression) must save thee: Be sensible of thy *Actions* and his *sufferings*: Abhorre thy self in *dust* and *ashes*, and magnifie his mercy that hath turn'd this judgment from thee. Goe wash those wounds which thou hast made with teares, and humble thy self with Prayer, and true Repentance.

His

His Prayer.

ETernall and omnipotent God, before whose glorious name Angels and Archangels bow and hide their faces, to which the blessed Spirits and Saints of thy triumphant Church sing forth perpetual *Hallelujahs*; I, a poor Sprig of disobedient *Adam*, doe here make bold to take that holy name into my sin-polluted lips: I have hainously sinned O God against thee, and against it; I have disparaged it in my thoughts, dishonoured it in my words, profaned it in my actions, and I know thou art a jealous God, and a consuming fire, as faithful in thy promises, so fearful in thy judgments. I therefore flie from the dreadfull name of *Jehovah*, which I have abused, to that gracious name of *Jesus*, wherein thou art well pleased: in that most sacred Name O God I fall before thee, and for his beloved sake O Lord I come unto thee. Cleanse thou my *heart*, O God, and then my *tongue* shall praise thee: wash thou my *soule*, O Lord, and then my *lipps* shall bless thee. Work in my heart a feare of thy displeasure, and give me an awfull reverence of thy *Name*. Set thou a Watch before my *lippes*, that I offend not with my *tongue*. Let no respects entice me to be an instrument of thy *dishonour*, and let thy *attributes* be precious in mine eyes: teach me the way of thy Precepts, O Lord, and make me sensible of all my offences. Let not my sinfu'l *custome* in sinning

sinning against thy Name take from my guilty soule the *sense* of my sin. Give me respect unto all thy Commandements, but especially preserve me from the danger of this my bosome sin. Mollifie my heart at the rebukes of thy servants, and strike into my inward parts a fear of thy judgments. Let all my communication be order'd as in thy presence, and let the words of my mouth be governed by thy Spirit. Avert those judgments from me which thy Word hath threatned, and my sin hath deserved, and strengthen my resolution for the time to come. Work in me a true godly sorrow, that it may bring forth in me a newness of life. Sanctifie my thoughts with the continual meditation of the Commandements, and mortifie those passions which provoke me to offend thee. Let not the *examples* of others induce me to this sin, nor let the trailties of my flesh seek Fig-leaves to cover it. Seale in my heart the full assurance of thy Reconciliation, and look upon me in the bowels of compassion; that crowning my weak desires with thy All-sufficient power, I may escape this *judgement* which thy justice hath threatned here, and obtain that *happiness* thy mercy hath promised hereafter.

S. Chrysost.

There is none that useth to swear often, but will sometimes chance to forswear: as he that gives the reins to his tongue too much, often speaks that which he blushes for in silence.

The

The Procraſtinators Remora's.

TEll me no more of *Faſting*, *Prayer*, and *Death*; They fill my thoughts with *dumps* of *Melancholy*. Theſe are no *ſubjects* for a *youthful* eare; no *contemplations* for an *active* ſoule. Let them whom ſullen *Age* hath weaned from iery *pleaſures*, whom wayward *fortune* hath condemn'd to *ſighes* and *grones*, whom ſad *diſeaſes* have beſlaved to *drugs* and *diets*; let them conſume the remnant of their wretched daies in dull *devotion*: Let them afflict their aking ſouls with the untunable diſcourſes of *mortality*; let them contemplate on *evil daies*, and read ſharp *Lectures* of their own experience. For me, my bones are ful of unctious *marrow*, and my blood of ſprightly *Youth*. My faire and free eſtate ſecures from the fears of fortunes *frowns*. My *ſtrength* of *conſtitution* hath the power to grapple with ſorrow, ſickneſs, nay the very pangs of death, and overcome. Tis true, God muſt be *ſought*: What impious tongue dare be ſo baſely bold to contradict ſo *known a Truth*? And by *Repentance* too: What ſtrange impiety dare *deny* it? Or what preſumptuous lips dare *diſavow* it? But ther's a *time* for all things, yet none prefixt for this, no *day deſigned*; but, *at what time ſoever*. If my *unſeaſonable heart* ſhould ſeek him now, the work would be too ſerious for ſo *green a ſeeker*. My thoughts are

His Repulse.

yet unsetled, my *fancy* yet too-too gamesome, my *judgement* yet unsound, my *Will* unsanctified. To seek him with an *unprepared* heart is the high way *not to finde* him; or to finde him with unsetled resolution is the next way to *lose* him; and indeed it wants but little of *prophaneness*, to be *unseasonably religious*. What is once to be done, is long to be deliberated. Let the *boyling pleasures* of the rebellious flesh evaporate a little, and let me drain my bogey soul from those corrupted inbred *humors* of *collapsed nature*, and when the tender *blossome* of my *youthful vanity* shall begin to *fade*, my setled *understanding* will begin to *knot*, my solid *judgement* will begin to *ripen*, my rightly-guided *Will* be *resolved*, both what to *seek*, and when to *find*, and how to *prize*: till then my tender *youth*, in her pursuit, will be disturb'd with every *blast* of honour, diverted with every flash of pleasure, misled by *Counsel*, turned back with *fear*, puzl'd with *doubt*, interrupted by *Passion*, withdrawn with *prosperity*, and discourag'd with *adversity*.

Take heed my soul: when thou hast lost thy self in thy *journey*, how wilt thou find thy God at thy *journeys end*? whom thou hast lost by too long *delay*, thou wilt hardly find with too late a *diligence*. Take time while time shall serve: that day may come wherein,

Hos. 5. 6.

Thou shalt seek the Lord, but shalt not find him.

His

His Proofs.

Eſay. 55. 6.

SEek the Lord while he may be found; call upon him while he is near.

Heb. 12. 17.

He found no place for repentance; though he ſought it with teares carefully.

Luke 12. 20.

Thou fool, this night thy ſoul ſhall be required of thee.

Revel. 2. 21.

I gave her a ſpace to repent, but ſhe repented not: Behold therefore I will caſt her, &c.

Greg. lib. Mor.

Seek God whilſt thou canſt not ſee him; for when thou ſeeſt him thou canſt not find him: ſeek him by hope, and thou ſhalt find him by faith. In the day of grace he is inviſible, but near; in the day of judgment he is viſible, but far off.

Ber. Ser. 24.

If we would not ſeek God in vain, let us ſeek him in truth, often and conſtantly: Let us not ſeek another thing in ſtead of him, nor any other thing with him, nor for any other thing leave him.

His Soliloquie.

O My ſoule, thou haſt ſought *Wealth*, and haſt either not found it, or *cares* with it: Thou haſt ſought for *pleaſure*, and haſt found it, but no *comfort* in it: Thou ſoughteſt *honour*, and haſt found it, and perchance *fallen* with it: Thou ſoughteſt *friendſhip*, and haſt found it *falſe*; *ſociety*, and haſt found it *vain*. And yet thy *God*, the fountain of all wealth, pleaſure, honour, friendſhip and ſociety, thou haſt ſlighted as a toy not worth the finding. Be wiſe, my ſoul, and bluſh at thy own *folly*. Set thy deſires on the right *object*. Seek *Wiſdome*, and thou ſhalt find knowledge, and wealth, and honour, and length of daies. Seek *heaven*, and *earth* ſhall ſeek *thee*; and deferre not thy *Inqueſt*, leſt thou loſe thy *opportunity*. *To day* thou mayſt find him whom *to morrow* thou mayſt ſeek with tears, and miſs. *Yeſterday* is *too late*, to *morrow* is *uncertain*, to *day* is onely *thine*. I, but my ſoule, I fear me too long delay hath made *this day too late*. Fear not my ſoul, he that has given thee his *Grace to day* will forget thy *neglect* of *yeſterday*: ſeek him therefore by true *repentance*, and thou ſhalt find him in thy Prayer.

His

His Prayer.

O God, that like thy precious Word art *bid* to none but who are *loſt*, and yet art *found* by all that ſeek thee with an upright heart, caſt down thy gracious eye upon a loſt ſheep of *Iſrael*, ſtrayed through the vanitie of his unbridled youth, and wandred in the wilderneſs of his own invention. Lord I have too much delighted in mine own wayes, and have *put* the *evil day* too *farre from me*. I have wallowed in the *pleaſures* of this deceitful world, which periſh in the uſing, and have *neglected* thee my God, at whoſe right hand are *pleaſures* for evermore. I have drawn on *iniquity* as with *Cart-ropes*, and have committed *evil* with *greedineſs*. I have *quenched* the motions of thy good *ſpirit*, and have *delayed* to ſeek thee by true and unfeigned *repentance*. In ſtead of ſeeking thee whom I have loſt, I have withdrawn my ſelf from thy preſence when thou haſt *ſought* me. It were but *juſtice* therefore in thee to ſtop thine eares at my petitions, or turn my Prayers as ſin into my boſome. But Lord, thou art a gracious God, and full of pity and unwearied compaſſion, and thy loving kindneſs is from generation to generation. Lord, in not *ſeeking* thee I have utterly *loſt* my ſelf, and if thou find me not I am *loſt* for ever, and if thou *find* me, thou canſt not but finde me in my *ſinnes*, & then thou *find'ſt* me to my own *deſtruction*. How miſerable O Lord is

my condition! How neceſſary is my confuſion that have neglected to *ſeek* thee, and therefore am afraid to be found of thee! But Lord if thou look upon the all-ſufficient *merits* of thy Son, thy *juſtice* will be no loſer in ſhewing mercy upon a ſinner: In his *name* therefore I preſent my ſelf before thee; in his *merits* I make my humble approach unto thee: in his name I offer up my feeble Prayers; for his merits grant me my petitions. Call not to mind the *rebellions* of my fleſh, and remember not O God the vanities of my youth: Inflame my *heart* with the *love* of thy preſence, and reliſh my meditations with the *pleaſure* of thy ſweetneſs. Let not the conſideration of thy *juſtice* overwhelm me in *deſpair*, nor the meditation of thy mercy perſwade me to preſume. Sanctifie my *will* by the wiſdome of thy Spirit, that I may *deſire* thee as the chiefeſt good. Quicken my *deſires* with a fervent zeal, that I may *ſeek* my Creator in the daies of my youth. Teach me to *ſeek* thee according to thy *will*, and then be found according to thy *promiſe*; that *living* in me here by thy *grace*, I may hereafter *reign* with thee in *glory*.

Greg.

God that hath promiſed pardon to the penitent, hath not promiſed the reſpite of to morrow to the impenitent ſinner.

The

The Hypocrites Prevarication.

Here is no ſuch ſtuffe to make a *cloak* on as *Religion*; nothing ſo faſhionable, nothing ſo profitable: it is a *Livery* wherein a wiſe man may ſerve two maſters, *God* and the *world*, and make a gainful ſervice by either. I ſerve both, and in both *my ſelf*, in *prevaricating* with both. Before *man* none ſerves his God with more ſevere *devotion*, for which among the beſt of men I work my own ends and ſerve my ſelf. In *private* I ſerve the *world*, not with ſo ſtrict *devotion*, but with more *delight*, where fulfilling of her ſervants *luſts* I work my end and ſerve my ſelf. The houſe of *Prayer* who more frequents then I? In all Chriſtian *duties* who more forward then I? I *faſt* with thoſe that faſt, that I may *eate* with thoſe that eate: I *mourn* with thoſe that mourn. No hand more open to the *cauſe* then mine, and in their families none *prayes longer* and with *louder* zeale. Thus when the *opinion* of a *holy life* hath cryed the *goodneſs* of my Conſcience up; my *trade* can lack no *cuſtome*, my *Wares* can want no *price*, my *words* can need no *credit*, my *actions* can lack no *praiſe*. If I am *covetous*, it is interpreted *providence*; if *miſerable*, it is counted *temperance*; if *melancholy*, it is conſtrued *godly ſorrow*; if *merry*, it is voted *ſpiritual* joy: if I be *rich*, tis thought the *bleſſing* of a *godly life*; if *poor*,

His woe.

ſuppoſed the fruit of *conſcionable dealing*: if I be well *ſpoken* of, it is the merit of *holy converſation*; if *ill*, it is the *malice* of *Malignants*. Thus I ſaile with every winde, and have my *end* in all conditions. This *cloak* in *Summer* keeps me cool, in *Winter* warm, and hides my naſty Bag of all my *ſecret luſts*. Under this Cloak I walke in *publick fairely*, with *applauſe*, and in *private* ſin *ſecurely* without *offence*, and officiate *wiſely* without *diſcovery*. I compaſs Sea and Land to make a *Proſelyte*, and no ſooner *made*, but he *makes* me. At a *Faſt* I cry *Geneva*, and at a *Feaſt* I cry *Rome*. If I be *poore*, I *counterfeit abundance* to ſave my credit; if *Rich*, I *diſſemble Poverty* to ſave charges. I moſt frequent *Schiſmatical Lectures*, which I find moſt *profitable*, from whence learning to divulge and maintain *new doctrines*, they maintain me in ſuppers thrice a week. I uſe the help of a *lie* ſometimes, as a Religious *Stratagem* to uphold the *Goſpel*; and I colour *oppreſſion* with Gods *judgments* executed upon the *wicked*. *Charity* I hold an extraordinary *duty*, therefore not *ordinarily* to be performed. What I *openly reprove abroad*, for my own *profit*, that I *ſecretly act at home*, for my own *pleaſure*.

But ſtay, I ſee a hand-writing in my heart damps my ſoule: 'tis charactered in theſe ſad words.

Woe be to you Hypocrites, Matth. 23. 13.

His

His Proofs.

Job 20. 5.

THe triumphing of the wicked is ſhort, the joy of a hypocrite is but for a moment.

Job 15. 34.

The Congregation of the hypocrites ſhall be deſolate.

Pſal. 11. 9.

An hypocrite with his mouth deſtroyeth his neighbour: but through knowledge ſhall the juſt be delivered.

Luke 12. 1.

Beware of the leaven of the Phariſees which is hypocriſie.

Job 36. 13.

The hypocrites in heart heap up wrath, they die in their youth, and their life is amongſt the unclean.

Salvian. de Gubern. Dei, l. 4.

The hypocrites love not thoſe things they profeſs, and what they pretend in words they diſclaim in practice: their ſin is the more damnable, becauſe uſherd in with pretence of pietie, having the greater guilt becauſe it obtaines a godly repute.

Hieron. Ep.

Endeavour rather to be, then to be thought holy; for what profits it thee to be thought to be what thou art not? and that man doubles his guilt, who is not ſo holy as the world thinks him, and counterfeits that holineſs which he hath not.

His Soliloquie.

HOw like a living *Sepulcher* did I appeare! without beautified with *Gold* and rich *invention*; within, nothing but a lothed *corruption*. So long as this faire *Sepulcher* was clos'd, it past for a curious Monument of the *Builders Art*; but being opened by these spiritual *Keyes*, 'tis nothing but a *Receptacle* of offensive *putrefaction*. In what a *nasty dungeon* hast thou my soul so long remain'd unstifled? How wert thou *wedded* to thy own *corruptions*, that could'st endure thy unsavory filthiness? The *World* hated me, because I *seemed* good; *God* hated me, because I *only seemed* good. I had no *friend* but my self, and this friend was my bosome-enemy. O my soul, is there *water* enough in *Jordan* to cleanse thee? Hath Gilead *Balme* enough to *heal* thy superannuated *sores*? I have sinned. I am convinced, I am convicted. Gods *Mercy* is above *Dimensions*, when sinners have not sinn'd beyond *Repentance*. Art thou my soul truly *penitent* for thy sin? Thou hast free *interest* in his *mercy*. Fall then my soul before his *Mercy-seat*, and he will crown thy *Penitence* with his *pardon*.

His

His Prayer.

O God, before the brightneſs of whoſe All-diſcerning *eye* the *ſecrets* of my *heart* appeare, before whoſe clear *omniſcience* the very *entrals* of my *ſoul* lie open, who art a God of righteouſneſs and truth, and loveſt uprightneſs in the inward parts, How can I chuſe but fear to thruſt into thy glorious preſence, or move my ſinful lips to call upon that Name which I ſo often have diſhonoured, and made a *Cloak* to hide the baſeneſs of my *cloſe* tranſgreſſions? Lord, when I look into the progreſs of my filthy life, my guilty conſcience calls me to ſo ſtrict account, and reflects me to ſo large an inventory of my *preſumptuous ſinnes*, that I commit a greater ſin in thinking them more infinite then thy *mercy*. But Lord thy *mercies* have no date, nor is thy *goodneſs* circumſcribed. The gates of thy compaſſion are alwaies open to a *broken heart*, and promiſe entertainment to a *contrite ſpirit*. The burthen of my *ſinnes* is grievous, and the remembrance of my *hypocriſie* is intolerable. I have *ſinned* againſt thy Majeſty with a *high hand*, but I repent me from the bottome of an *humble heart*: as thou haſt therefore given me *ſorrow* for my ſinnes, ſo crown that gift in the freeneſs of *Remiſſion*. Be fully *reconcil'd* to me through the All-ſufficient *merits* of thy Son my Saviour, and ſeale in my afflicted heart the full aſſurance of thy gracious *favour*. Be thou exalted

exalted O God above the Heavens, and let me praise thee with a *single* heart. Cleanse thou my inward parts O God, and purifie the closet of my polluted soul. *Fix* thou my *heart*, O thou searcher of all secrets, and keep my *affections* wholly to thee. Remove from me all *by* and base *respects*, that I may serve thee with an *upright* spirit. Take not the word of truth out of my mouth, nor give me over to *deceitful* lips. Give me an *inward* reverence of thy Majesty that I might *openly confess* thee in the truth of my *sincerity*. Be thou the onely *object* and *end* of all my actions, and let thy *honour* be my great reward. Let not the *hopes* of filthy lucre, or the *praise* of men incline me to thee; neither let the *pleasure* of the world nor the *feares* of any *loss* entice me from thee. Keep me from those *judgments* my *hypocrisie* hath deserved, and strengthen my resolution to abhorre my former life. Give me strength O God to serve thee with a *perfect heart* in the *newness* of *life*, that I may be delivered from the *old man*, and the snares of *death*. Then shall I praise thee with my *entire affections*, and glorifie thy name for ever and ever.

Anonym.

The Hypocrite, that deceives the eye of man, cannot the eye of God: He feares the eye of them that can onely observe, but feares not the eye of God, who will certainly punish.

The

The Ignorant mans faltering.

YOu tell me, and you tell me that I muſt be a *good man*, and *ſerve* God, and *doe* his *will*; and ſo I doe, for ought I know. I am ſure I am as *good* as God has *made* me, and I can *make* my ſelf no *better*, ſo I cannot. And as for *ſerving* God, I am ſure I goe to *Church* as well as the beſt in the Pariſh, though I be not ſo *fine*. And I make no queſtion, if I had better *cloaths*, but I ſhould do God as much credit as another man, though I ſay it. And as for *doing* Gods *will*, I beſhrew me, I leave that to them that are *book-learn'd*, and can doe it more wiſely. I believe the *Vicar* of our Pariſh *can doe* it, and *has done* it too, as well as any within five miles of his head: and what need I trouble my ſelf to *doe* what is ſo *well done* already? I hope he being ſo good a *Churchman*, and ſo great a *Schollard*, and can ſpeak *Latine* too, would not leave that to ſo ſimple a man as I. It is enough for me to know, that God is a *good man*; and that the ten *Commandments* are the beſt prayers in all the book, unleſs it be the *Creed*; and that I muſt love my *Neighbour* as well as he loves *me*: and for all other *Quilicomes*, they ſhall never trouble my braines, *an Grace a God*. Let me goe a *Sundaies* and *ſerve* God, *obey* the *King* (God bleſs him) *doe* no man *no wrong*, ſay the *Lords prayer* every morning and evening, follow my worke, give a *Noble* to the

poore

poore at my *death*, and then say, *Lord have mercy upon me*, and goe away like a *Lambe*, I make no question but I shall deserve *heaven* as well as he that wares a *gayer coate*. But yet I'm not so *ignorant* neither, nor have not gone so often to *Church*, but I know *Christ* died for *me* too, as well as for any other man; I'de be sorry else; & that next to our *Vicar*, I shall goe to *heaven* when I am *dead* as soon as another: nay more, I know there be two Sacraments, *bread* and *wine*, and but two, (though the *Papists* say there be six or seven) and that I verily believe I shall be saved by those *Sacraments*; and that I love God above all, or else 'twere pitty of my life; and that when I am dead and rotten, (as our *Vicar* told me) I shall *rise* again and be the same man as I was. But for that he must excuse me, till I have *better satisfaction*: for all his learning, he cannot make me such a fool, unless he shew me a better reason for't then yet he has done.

But one thing he told me, now I think on't, troubles me woundly, namely, that God is my *Master*, all which I confess; and that I must *do his Will* (whether I know how to doe it or not) or else it will goe ill with me. I'le read it (he said) out of Gods *Bible*; & I shall remember the words so long as I have a day to live, which are these,

Luke 12. 48.

He that knoweth not his masters will, and doth things worthy of stripes, shall be beaten with few stripes.

His

His Proofs.

1 Cor. 14. 20.

Brethren, be not children in underſtanding: howbeit in malice be ye children, but in underſtanding be men.

1 Cor. 15. 34.

Awake to righteouſneſs & ſin not; for ſome have not the knowledge of God: I ſpeak it to your ſhame.

Epheſ. 4. 18.

Walk not in the vanitie of your minds, having the underſtanding darkned, being alienated from the life of God, through the Ignorance which is in you, becauſe of the blindneſs of your hearts.

Levit. 5. 17.

And if a ſoul ſin and commit any of theſe things which are forbidden to be done by the commandments of the Lord, though he wiſt it not, yet he is guilty, and ſhall bear his iniquitie.

Greg. Mag. Moral.

It is good to know much, and to live well: but if we cannot attain both, it is better to deſire piety then wiſdome; for knowledge makes no man happy, nor doth bleſſedneſs conſiſt in intellectuals. The onely brave thing is a religious life.

Juſt. Mart. reſp. ad orthod.

To ſin againſt knowledge is ſo much the greater offence then an ignorant treſpaſs, by how much the crime which is capable of no excuſe, is more hainous then the fault which admits a tolerable plea.

His

His Soliloquie.

HOw well it had been for thee, O my ſoul, if I had been *book-learnd*! Alas I cannot *reade*, and what I heare I cannot underſtand; I cannot *profit* as I *ſhould*, and therefore cannot be as *good* as I *would*, for which I am right ſorry. That I cannot *ſerve* as well as my betters, hath been often a great grief to me; and that I have been ſo *ingrant* in good things, hath been a great heart-breaking to me. I can ſay no prayers for want of knowledge to read, but *Our Father*, and the *Creed*: But the comfort is, God knows my heart. But I truſt in God, *Our Father*, being made by Chriſt himſelf, will be enough for me that know not how to make a better. I indeavour to doe all our *Vicar* bids me; and when I receive the *Communion* I truly forgive all the world for a *fortnight* after or ſuch a matter: but then ſome old *injury* makes me *forget* my ſelf, but I cannot help it, an my life ſhould lie on't. O my ingrant ſoul, what ſhall I doe to be ſaved? All that I can ſay is *Lord have mercy upon me*, and all that I can doe is but to doe my good will: and that I'le doe with all my heart, and ſay my *Prayers* too as well as God will give me leave, an grace a God.

His

His Prayer.

O God the Father of Heaven have mercy upon me miſerable ſinner. I am as I muſt needs confeſs a ſinful man, as my forefathers were before me. I have heard many Sermons, and have had many good leſſons from the mouths of painful Miniſters; but through the *dulneſs* of my *underſtanding*, and for *want* of *learning* I have not profited ſo much as elſe I ſhould have done: ſpare me therefore O God, ſpare me whom thou haſt redeemed with thy precious blood, and be not angry for ever. I muſt confeſs the *painfulneſs* of my *calling*, and the *heavineſs* of my own *nature* hath taken from me the delight of *hearing* thy word, and the ignorance of learning, which I was never brought up to, hath kept me from *reading* it; inſomuch that, in ſtead of growing better, I fear I have grown worſe and worſe, and have been ſo far from doing thy *will*, that I doe not *underſtand* what thy *will is* very well. But thou O merciful God that didſt reveal thy ſelf to poor *Shepheards* and *Fiſhermen* that had no more learning then I, have mercy upon me for Jeſus Chriſt his ſake. Thou that haſt promiſed to inſtruct the *ſimple*, and to lead the ignorant into thy way, be good and merciful to me I beſeech thee. Thou that draweſt the *needy* out of the duſt, & the *poor* out of the dunghill, give me the *knowledge* of thy *will*, and teach me how to *ſerve* thee. Rouze up the *drowzineſs* of

of my *heart*; open mine *eyes* that I may *see* the truth, and mine *eares* that I may understand thy Word; and strengthen my *memory* that I may lay it up in my *heart*, and shew it in my *life* and *vocation* to thy glory and my comfort, and the comfort of my friends. Lord write thy will in my heart, that when I *know* it I may *doe* it willingly. O teach me what thy pleasure is, that I may doe my best to perform it. Give me faith to lay hold on Christ Jesus, who died for me, that after I am dead I may rise again and live with him. Give me a good heart, that I may deal honestly with all men, and doe as I would be done to. Bless me in my calling, and prosper the labour of my hands, that I may have enough to feed me and cloath me, and to give to the poor. Mend all that is amiss in me, and expect from me according to the measure thou hast given me. Forgive me all my sins, and make me willing to please thee; that living a good life, I may make a gracious death, and so at last I may come to Heaven and live for ever, for Jesus Christ his sake, *Amen.*

Anonym.

That onely is the best knowledge that makes us better.

Anonym.

Ignorance will not excuse sin, when it self is a sin.

The

The sloathful mans slumber.

What a world of *Curses* the eating of the *forbidden fruit* hath brought upon mankinde, and unavoidably entail'd upon the sonnes of men! Among all which no one appears to me more terrible and full of sorrow, & bewraying greater wrath, then that insufferable, that horrible punishment of *labour*, and to purchase Bread with so extreme a price as *sweat*. But O what hap, what happiness have they, whose *dying parents* have procured a *quiet* fortune for their unmolested *Children*, and conveighed descended *Rents* to their succeeding heires, whose *ease* and contented lives may sit and suck the sweetness of their *cumberless estates*, and with their folded hands enjoy the delicates of this toylsome world! How blessed, how delicious are those *easie* morsels, that can find the way to my soft palat, and then attend upon the wanton leasure of my *silken slumbers*, without the *painful practice* of my bosome-folded *hands*, or *sad contrivement* of my studious and *contracted Browes*? Why should I tire my tender youth, and torture out my groaning dayes in *toyle* and *travel*, and discompose the happy peace of my harmonious thoughts with *painful grinding* in the common *mill* of dull mortality? Why should I rob my craving eye-lids of their delightfull *Rest*, to cark and care, and purvey for that *Bread* which every

His Doome.

every work-abhorring *Vagabond* can finde of *Almes* at every good mans doore? Why ſhould I leave the warme protection of my care-beguiling *Downe*, to play the droyling drudge for daily food, when the young empty *Ravens* (that have no hands to work, nor providence but heaven) can call and be ſupplied? The pale-fac'd *Lilly* and the bluſhing *Roſe*, neither ſpinnes nor ſowes, yet princely *Solomon* was never robed with ſo much glory; and ſhall I then afflict my body, and beſlave my heaven-born ſoul to purchaſe *Rags* to cloath my nakednes? Is my condition worſe then *Sheep* ordain'd for ſlaughter, that crop the ſpringing *Graſs*, cloath'd warm in ſoft *Arrayment*, purchas'd without their providence or paines? Or ſhall the pamper'd *Beaſt* that ſhines with fatneſs and grows wanton through his careful *Grooms* indulgence, find better meaſure at the worlds too partial hands then I? Come, come, let thoſe take *paines* that love to leave their names enroll'd in memorable monuments of *Parchment*. The day has griefe enough without my help; and let *To morrows ſhoulders* bear to morrows *burthens*.

But ſtay my ſoul, O ſtay thy raſh reſolves: take heed whilſt thou avoyd the puniſhment of ſin, *labour*, thou meet not the reward of idlenes, a *judgement*.

Prov. 19.

The idle ſoul ſhall ſuffer hunger.

His

His Proofs.

Eccleſ. 10. 18.

BY much ſlothfulneſs the building decayeth, and through idleneſs of the hands the houſe droppeth through.

Exod. 16. 49.

Behold this was the iniquitie of thy ſiſter Sodom, pride, fulneſs of bread, and abundance of idleneſs was in her, and in her daughters, neither did ſhe ſtrengthen the hand of the poore and needy.

Prov. 6. 6, 7, 8.

Goe to the Piſmire, O ſluggard, behold her wayes and be wiſe.

For ſhe having no guide, governour nor ruler, prepareth her meat in Summer, and gathereth her food in harveſt.

Nilus in Paræneſ.

Idleneſs is the wombe or fountain of all wickedneſs: for it conſumes and waſtes the riches and vertues which we have already, and diſenables us to get thoſe we have not.

Ibid.

Woe be to the idle ſoul, for he ſhall hunger after that which his riot conſumed.

His

His Soliloquie.

HOw presumptuously hast thou my soule transgrest the expres *Commandement* of thy God! How hast thou dasht thy self against his *judgements*! How hath thy undeserving hand usurpt the *diet*, and weareſt on thy back the *wages* of the painful soul! Art thou not condemned to *Rags*, to *Famine*, by him whose Law commanded thee to *labour*? And yet thou pamper'st up thy sides with *stolen food*, and yet thou deck'st thy wanton body with *unearned ornaments*; whiles they that spend their daily strength in their commanded *callings* (whose labour gives them interest in them) want *Bread* to feed, and *Rags* to cloath them. Thou art no young *Raven*, my soule, no *Lilly*. Where *ability* to *labour* is, there *Providence* meets *action*, and crowns it. He that forbids to *eark* for *to morrow*, denies Bread to the *Idleness* of *to day*. Consider O my soule thy owne *delinquency*, and let *imployment* make thee capable of thy Gods *protection*. The Bird that *sits* is a fair mark for the Fowler, while they that use the *wing* escape the danger. Follow thy *calling*, and heaven will follow thee with his *Blessing*. What thou hast formerly *omitted*, present repentance may *redeem*; and what *judgements* God hath threatned, early *Petitions* may avert.

His Prayer.

MOst great and most glorious God, who for the sin of our first parents hast condemned our frail bodies to the punishment of *labour*, and hast commanded every one a *Calling* and a Trade of life, that hatest *idleness* as the *root* of *evil*, and threatnest *poverty* to the *sloathful hand*; I thy poor suppliant convicted by thy judgements, and conscious of my own transgression, flie from my self to Thee, and humbly appeal from the high *Tribunal* of thy *Justice*, and seek for refuge in the *Sanctuary* of thy *Mercy*. Lord, I have led a life displeasing to thee, and have been a scandal to my profession; have slighted those *Blessings* which thy goodness hath promised to a *conscionable calling*, and have swallowed down the Bread of *idleness*. I have *impaired* the *Talent* thou gavest me, and have lost the opportunity of *doing* much *good*. I have filled my heart with idle imaginations, and have laid my self open to the *lusts* of the flesh. I have abused thy favours in the *misexpending* of my precious *time*, and have taken no delight in thy Sabbaths. I have doted too much on the *pleasures* of this World, and like a *Drone* have fed upon the *hony* of *Bees*. If thou O God shouldst be extreme to search my wayes with too severe an eye, thou couldst not chuse but whet thy indignation, and powre the vials of thy wrath upon me. Look therefore not upon my *sinnes*, O Lord; but through

through the *merits* of my Saviour, who hath made a ful ſatisfaction for all my ſinnes. What through my *weakneſs* I have fail'd to doe, the *fulneſs* of his *ſufferings* hath moſt exactly done. In him O God in whom thou art well pleaſed, and for his ſake, be gracious to my ſinne. Alter my heart and make it willing to pleaſe thee, that in my life I may adorne my profeſſion. Give me a care and a conſcience in my *calling*, and grant thy bleſſing to the lawful *labours* of my hand. Let the fidelity of my vocation improve my *Talent*, that I may enter into my Maſters joy. Rouze up the dulneſs and deadneſs of my heart, and quench thoſe *flames* of luſt within me. Aſſiſt me O God in the *Redemption* of my *time*, and deliver my ſoule from the evilneſs of my dayes. Let thy *providence* accompany my moderate *endeavours*, and let all my *imployments* depend upon thy *providence*; that when the labours of this ſinful *world* ſhall ceaſe, I may feel and enjoy the benefit of a *good conſcience*, and obtain the reſt of a new Jeruſalem in the Eternity of glory.

Anonym.

He that is idle, is ready for Satan to ſet on worke.

The

The Proud mans Oſtentation.

'Le make him feel the *weight* of my *diſpleaſure*, and teach him to *repent* his *ſawcy boldneſs*. How dares his *baſeneſs* once preſume to breath ſo near my *perſon*, much more to take my *name* into his dunghil *mouth*? Me thinks the luſtre of my *ſparkling eye* might have had the power to aſtoniſh him into *good manners*, and ſent him back to caſt his mind into a fair *Petition*, humbly preſented with his trembling hand. But thus to preſs into my *preſence*, to preſs ſo near my *face*, and then *to ſpeak*, and ſpeak to *me*, as if I were his *equal*, is more then ſufferable. The way to be *contemn'd* is to *digeſt contempt*; but he that would be *honour'd* by the vulgar ſort muſt wiſely keep a *diſtance*. A *countenance* that's reſerv'd breeds *fear* and *obſervation*: but *affability* and too *eaſy an acceſs* makes fools too *bold*, and *reputation cheape*. What *price* I ſet upon my own *deſerts*, inſtructs *opinion* how to *prize* me. That which baſe ignorance miſcalls thy *pride*, is but a conſcious knowledge of thy *merits*. *Dejected ſouls*, craven'd with their own *diſtruſts*, are the *worlds Foot-balls* to be kickt and ſpurn'd: but *brave* and true *heroick ſpirits*, that know the *ſtrength* of their own *worth*, ſhall baffle *baſeneſs* and *preſumption* into a *Reverential ſilence*, and ſpite of envy flouriſh in an honourable *repute*. Come then my ſoul, ad-

His deſolation.

vance thy *noble*, thy ſublimer *thoughts*, and prize thy ſelf according to thoſe *parts*, which all may wonder at, few imitate, but none can equal. Let not the inſolent *affronts* of vaſſals interrupt thy *Peace*, nor ſeem one ſcruple *leſs* then what thou art. Be thou thy ſelf, *Reſpect* thy ſelf, receive thou *honour* from *thy ſelf*; Rejoyce thy ſelf in *thy ſelf*, and prize thy ſelf for *thy ſelf*. Like *Cæſar*, admit no *equal*; and like *Pompey*, acknowledge no *ſuperior*. Be covetous of thine own *honour*, and hold anothers *glory* as thy *injury*. Renounce *humility* as an *Hereſie* in reputation, and *meekneſs* as the worſt *diſeaſe* of a true-bred noble Spirit. Diſparage *worth* in all but in thy ſelf, and make anothers infamy a *foyl* to magnifie thy glory. Let ſuch as have no reaſon to be *proud*, be *humbled* of neceſſity; and let them that have no parts to *value*, be *deſpondent*. But as for thee, thy *Cards* are good; and having skill enough to play thy hopeful *Game*, *vie* boldly, conquer and triumph.

But ſtay my ſoul, the *Trump* is yet unturn'd: boaſt not too ſoon, nor call it a fair day till night: the turning of a hand may make ſuch *alterations* in thy flattering fortunes, that all thy *glorious expectations* may chance to end in *loſs* and unſuſpected *ruine*. That God which thruſt that *Babylonian* Prince from his Imperiall *Throne*, to graze with beaſts, hath ſaid,

The Lord will deſtroy the houſe of the proud.

Prov. 15. 25.

His

His Proofs.

Prov. 11. 2.

When pride cometh then cometh shame, but with the lowly is wisdome.

Jer. 13. 15.

Hear ye, and give ear, and be not proud; for the Lord hath spoken.

Esay 2. 12.

The day of the Lord of Hosts shall be upon every one that is proud and lofty, and upon every one that is lifted up, and he shall be brought low.

Prov. 16. 5.

Every one that is proud in heart is abomination to the Lord.

James 4. 6.

God resisteth the proud, and giveth grace to the humble.

Isidor. Hispal.

Pride made Satan fall from the highest heaven: therefore they that pride themselves in their vertues, imitate the Devil; and fall more dangerously, because they aspire and climbe to the highest pitch, from whence is the greatest fall.

Greg. Mor.

Pride grows stronger in the root whilst it braves it self with presumptuous advances, yet the higher it climbes the lower it falls: for he that heightens himself by his own pride is alwaies destroyed by the judgement of God.

His Soliloquie.

HOw wert thou *muffled* O my ſoul! How were thine eyes *blinded* with the *corruption* of thine own *heart!* When I beheld my ſelf by my own *light*, I ſeem'd a glorious thing; my *ſun* knew no *eclipſe*, and all my *imperfections* were *gilded* over with vain-glory: but now the *day-ſpring* from above hath ſhin'd upon my heart, and the diviner light hath driven away thoſe foggy *miſts*, I finde my ſelf another thing: my *Diamonds* are all turn'd *Pebbles*, and my glory is turn'd to ſhame. O my deceived ſoul, how great a darkneſs was thy light! The thing that ſeem'd ſo *glorious* and ſparkled in the night, by day appears but *rotten wood*; and that bright *Glow-worm*, that in darkneſs outſhined the *Chryſolite*, is by this new-found light no better then a crawling *worme*. How inſeparable O my ſoul is pride and folly! which like *Hippocates twinnes* ſtill live and die together. It blinds the eye, befools the judgement, knows no ſuperiours, hates equals, diſdains inferiors; the wiſe mans ſcorn, and the fools *Idol*. Renounce it O my ſoul, leſt thy God renounce *thee*. He that hath threatned to reſiſt the *proud*, hath promiſed to give Grace to the *humble*; and what true *Repentance* ſpeaks, free *mercy* hears and crowns.

His

His Prayer.

O God the fountain of all true *Glory* and the giver of all free grace, whoſe Name is onely *honourable* and whoſe works are onely *glorious*, that ſheweſt thy wayes to the *meek*, and takeſt compaſſion upon an *humble* ſpirit, that hateſt the preſence of a *lofiie* eye, and deſtroyeſt the *proud* in the imaginations of their hearts, vouchſafe, O Lord, thy gracious eare, and hear the ſighing of a contrite heart. I know, O God, the *quality* of my *ſin* can look for nothing but the *extremity* of thy *wrath*; I know the *crookedneſs* of my condition can expect nothing but the *Furnace* of thy *indignation*; I know the *inſolence* of my *corrupted nature* can hope for nothing but the *execution* of thy *judgments*: Yet Lord, I know withall thou art a gracious God, of evil repenting thee, and ſlow to wrath; I know thy nature and property is to ſhew compaſſion, apt to conceive, but readier to forgive; I know thou takeſt no pleaſure in the deſtruction of a ſinner, but rather that he ſhould repent and live: In confidence and full aſſurance whereof I am here proſtrate on my *bended* knees, and with an *humble* heart. Nor doe I preſs into thy holy preſence, truſting in my own merits, leſt thou ſhouldeſt deal with *me* as I have dealt by *others*; but being encouraged by thy gracious invitation, and heavy laden with the burthen of my ſinnes, I come to thee O God who

art the refuge of a wounded ſoul, and the Sanctuary of a broken ſpirit. Forgive, O God, forgive me what is paſt recalling, and make me circumſpect for the time to come. Open mine eyes that I may ſee how *vain* a thing I am, and how polluted from my very birth. Give me an inſight of my own corruptions, that I may truly *know* and loath *my ſelf*. Take from me all *vain glory*, and *ſelf-love*, and make me careleſs of the *worlds applauſe*. Endue me with an *humble* heart, and take this *haughty* ſpirit from me. Give me a true diſcovery of my own *merits*, that I may truly fear and tremble at thy *judgments*. Let not the worlds contempt deject me, nor the diſreſpects of man *diſmay* me. Take from me O God a *ſcornful eye*, and curb my tongue that ſpeaks *preſumptuous* things. Plant in my heart a *brotherly* love, and cheriſh in me a charitable affection. Poſſeſs my ſoul with patience O God, and eſtabliſh my heart in the *fear* of thy name; that being *humbled* before thee in the *meekneſs* of my *ſpirit*, I may be *exalted* by thee through the *freeneſs* of thy *Grace*, and crowned with thee in the *kingdome* of *Glory*.

Anonym.

Pride is its own puniſhment, for nothing makes men more contemptible in the eyes of others.

The

The Covetous mans Care.

BElieve me, the *Times* are hard and dangerous; *Charity* is grown cold, and *friends* uncomfortable; an empty *Purse* is full of sorrow, and hollow *Baggs* make a heavy heart. Poverty is a civil *Pestilence*, which frights away both friends and kindred, and leaves us to a *Lord have mercy upon us*. It is a *sickness* very catching and infectious, and more commonly *abhord* then cured. The best Antidote against it is *Angelica* and *Providence*, and the best Cordial is *Aurum potabile*. Gold-taking fasting is an approved soveraign. Debts are ill *humors*, and turn at last to dangerous *obstructions*. Lending is a meer *consumption of the radical humour*, and if consumed, brings a patient to *nothing*. Let others trust to Courtiers *promises*, to friends *performances*, to Princes *favours*; give me a Toy call'd *Gold*, give me a thing call'd *Money*. O blessed *Mammon*, how extremely sweet is thy all-commanding presence to my thriving soul! In banishment thou art my dear *companion*: In captivity thou art my pretious *ransome*: In trouble and vexation thou art my dainty *rest*: In sickness thou art my health; in grief my onely *joy*; in all extremitie my onely *trust*. *Vertue* must vail to thee; nay *Grace* it self not relisht with thy *sweetness* would even displease the righteous palates of the sonnes of men. Come then my

His Curſe.

ſoul, adviſe, contrive, project; goe, compaſs Sea and Land; leave no *exploit* untryed, no *path* untrod, no *time* unſpent; afford thine eyes no ſleep, thy head no *reſt*; neglect thy ravenous *belly*, uncloath thy *back*; deceive, betray, ſwear and forſwear to compaſs ſuch a *friend*. If thou be baſe in birth, 'twill make thee *honourable*; if weak in power, it will make thee formidable. Are thy friends few? 'twil make them *numerous*. Is thy cauſe bad? 'twill gain thee *Advocates*. True, *wiſdome* is an excellent help, in caſe it *bend this way*; and *learning* is a gentile Ornament, if not too *chargeable*: yet by your leave, they are but eſtates for term of life: but *everlaſting* Gold, if well advantag'd, will not onely bleſs thy dayes, but thy ſurviving children from generation to generation. Come, come, let others fill their brains with dear-bought *wit*, turn their pence into expenceful *charity*, and ſtore their boſoms with unprofitable *piety*; let them *loſe* all to *ſave* their imaginary *conſciences*, and *begger* themſelves at home to be thought *honeſt* abroad: Fill thou thy *baggs* and *barns*, and *lay up* for many yeers, and take thy *reſt*.

But O my ſoul, what follows wounds my heart and ſtrikes me on my knees.

Luke 12. 20.

Thou fool, this night ſhall thy ſoul be required of thee.

His

His Proofs.

Matth. 6. 24.

Ye cannot ſerve God and Mammon.

Job 20. 15.

He hath ſwallowed down Riches, and he ſhall vomit them up again: God ſhall caſt them out of his belly.

Prov. 15. 27.

He that is greedy of gain troubles his own houſe; but he that hateth gifts ſhall live.

2 Pet. 2. 3.

Through covetouſneſs they ſhall with feigned words make merchandize of you, whoſe judgment now of a long time lingreth not, and whoſe damnation ſlumbreth not.

Nilus in Paræneſ.

Woe to the covetous, for his Riches forſake him, and hell fire takes him.

S. Auguſt.

O thou covetous man, why doſt thou treaſure up ſuch hidden miſchief? why doſt thou dote on the Image of the King ſtamped on coyn, and hateſt the Image of God that ſhines in men?

Idem.

The Riches which thou treaſureſt up are loſt; thoſe thou charitably beſtoweſt are truly thine.

His Soliloquie.

WHat think'ſt thou now my ſoul? If the *judgement* of *holy men* may not *informe* thee, let the *judgements* of thy angry God *enforce* thee. Weigh thy own carnal *affections* with the ſacred *Oracles* of Heaven, and light and darkneſs are not more contrary. What thou *approveſt*, thy God *condemns*; what thou *deſireſt*, thy God *forbids*. Now my ſoul, if *Mammon* be God, follow him: if *God* be God, adhere to him: *Thou canſt not ſerve God and Mammon*. If thy conſcience feel the *hook*, nibble no longer. Many ſinnes leave thee in the *way*, this follows thee to thy *lives end*; the *Root* of evil, the *Canker* of all goodneſs: It *blinds* Juſtice, *poyſons* Charity, *ſtrangles* Conſcience, *beſlaves* the Affections, *betrayes* Friendſhip, *breaks* all Relations. It is a root of the Devils own *planting*; *Pluck* it up. Think not that a *pleaſure* which God hath *threatned*; nor that a *bleſſing* which Heaven hath *curſed*. *Devoure* not that which thou or thy heire muſt *vomit* up. Be no longer poſſeſs'd with ſuch a *Devil*, but *caſt* him *out*; and if he be too *ſtrong*, *weaken* him by *Faſting*, and *exerciſe* him by *Prayer*.

His

His Prayer.

O God that art the *fulneſs* of all *Riches* and *Magazine* of all *treaſure*, in the enjoyment of whole favour the ſmalleſt morſel is a *rich inheritance*, and the courſeſt Pulſe is a *large portion*, without whoſe bleſſing the greateſt plenty *enriches* not, and the higheſt diet *nouriſhes* not; how have I (an earth-worm, and no man) fixt my whole heart upon this tranſitory world, and neglected thee the onely deſirable good! I bluſh O Lord to confeſs the baſeneſs of my life, and am utterly aſham'd of mine own fooliſhneſs. I have placed my affections upon the naſty *Rubbiſh* of this world, and have ſlighted the ineſtimable *Pearl* of my ſalvation. I have wallow'd in the *mire* of my inordinate deſires, and refuſed to be waſht in the *ſtreams* of thy compaſſion. I have put my confidence in the *faithfulneſs* of my ſervant, and have doubted the *providence* of thee my gracious Father. I have ſerved unrighteous Mammon with greedineſs, and have preferred droſs and dung before the Pearly gates of New Jeruſalem. Thou haſt promiſed to be all in all to thoſe that fear thee, and not to fail the ſoul that truſts in thee; but I refuſed thy gracious offer, and put my confidence in the vanity of the Creature. But gracious God to whom Repentance never comes unſeaſonable, that find'ſt an eare when ſinnes find a tongue, regard the contrition of a bleeding heart, and withdraw not thy mercy from

from a penſive ſoul. Give me new thoughts O God, and with thy holy Spirit new mould my deſires. Inform my will, and ſanctifie my affections, that they may reliſh thy ſweetneſs with a ful delight. Create in me O God a ſpiritual ſenſe, that I may take pleaſure in things that are above. Give me a *contented thankfulneſs* for what I have, that I may neither in *poverty* forſake thee, nor in *plenty* forget thee. Arme me with continual *patience*, that I may chearfully put my truſt in thy *providence*. Moderate my care for momentary things, that I may uſe the world as if I us'd it not. Let not the loſs of any earthly good too much deject me, leſt I ſhould ſin with my lips and charge thee fooliſhly. Give me a *charitable* hand O God, and fill my heart with *brotherly compaſſion*, that I may chearfully exchange the *corruptible treaſure* of this world into the *incorruptible Riches* of the world to come; and proving a faithful ſteward in thy ſpiritual houſhold, I may give up my account with joy, and be made partaker of thy eternal joy in the Kingdome of thy glory.

S. Chryſ.

The veſſel of our deſires grows greater under our endeavours to fill it.

We brought nothing into the world, and we ſhall carry nothing out with us.

The

The Self-lovers Self-fraud.

GOd hath required my *heart*, and he ſhall have it: God hath commanded truth in the *inward parts*, and he ſhall be obeyed. My *ſoul* ſhall praiſe the Lord, and all that is within me, and I will ſerve him in the *ſtrength* of my deſires. And in *common* caſes the *tongues profeſſion* of his *name* is no leſs then neceſſary: But when it lies upon a *life*, upon the ſaving of a *livelihood*, upon the flat undoing of a *Reputation*, the caſe is altered. My *life* is dear, my fair *poſſeſſions* pretious, and my *Reputation* is the very Apple of mine eye. To ſave ſo great a *ſtake*, me thinks *equivocation* is but *venial*, if a *ſin*. If the true loyalty of mine heart ſtands ſound to my *Religion* and my *God*, my well-informed *Conſcience* tels me that in ſuch *extremities* my frighted *tongue* may take the priviledge of a *Salvo* or a *mentall reſervation*, if not in the expreſſion of a fair *compliance*. What? ſhall the reall *breach* of a holy *Sabbath*, dedicated to Gods higheſt glory, be tolerated for the welfare of an *Oxe*? May that breach be ſet upon the ſcore of *mercy*, and commended above *ſacrifice* for the ſafeguard of an *Aſs*? And may I not diſpenſe with a bare *lippe-denyal* of my urg'd *Religion* for the neceſſary *preſervation* of the threatned *life* of a man? for the ſaving of the whole *livelyhood* and ſubſiſtance of a Chriſtian? What? ſhall

His Retribution.

ſhall I periſh for the want of food, and die a *Martyr* to that fooliſh conſcience which forbids me to rub the ears of a little ſtanding *Corn? Jacob* could purchace his ſick Fathers bleſſing with a down-right *lye*, and may I not *diſſemble* for a *life?* The young mans great *poſſeſſions* taught his timorous tongue to ſhrink from and decline his hearts *profeſſion*, and who could blame him? Come, if thou freely give thy *houſe*, canſt thou in conſcience be denied a *hiding-room* for thy protection? The Syrian *Captain* (he whoſe heart was fixt on his now firm-reſolv'd and true devotion) reſerv'd the houſe of *Rimmon* for his neceſſary attendance, and yet went in *peace*. *Peter* (upon the rock of whoſe confeſſion the *Church* was grounded) to ſave his *liberty*, with a falſe, nay with a perjur'd tongue, nay more, at ſuch a time when as the *Lord of life* (in whoſe behalf he drew his Sword) was queſtion'd for his innocent life, *denied* his *Maſter*; and ſhall I be ſo great an unthrift of my blood, my life, to loſe it for a meer *lip-denial* of that *Religion* which now is ſetled and needs no blood to ſeal it?

But ſtay; my *Conſcience* checks me, there's a *judgment* thunders; Hark:

Matth. 10. 33.

He that denies me before men, him will I deny before my Father which is in Heaven.

His

His Proofs.

2. Tim. 3. 1, 2.

KNow that in the latter dayes perilous times shall come:
For men shall be lovers of their own selves.

Esay 45. 23.

I have sworn by my self, the word is gone out of my mouth in Righteousness, and shall not return, that unto me every knee shall bow, and every tongue shall swear.

Rom. 10. 10.

With the heart man believeth unto Righteousness, and with the mouth confession is made to salvation.

Luke 9. 26.

Whosoever shall be ashamed of me and my words, of him shall the Son of man be ashamed when he shall come in Glory.

August.

The love of God and the world are two different things. If the love of this world dwell in thee, the love of God forsakes thee: renounce that and receive this: 'tis fit the more nobler love should have the best place and acceptance.

Theoph.

It is not enough onely to believe with the heart, for God will have us confess with our mouth: every one that confesses that Christ is God, shall find Christ professing to the Father, that man is a faithful servant; but those that deny Christ shall receive that fearful doom, (Nescio vos) *I know you not.*

His

His Soliloquie.

MY ſoul, in ſuch a time as this, when the civil *Sword* is warm with *ſlaughter*, and the waſting *kingdome* welters in her *blood*, wouldſt thou not give thy *life* to ranſome her from *ruin*? Is not the God of Heaven and Earth worth many *Kingdomes*? Is thy *welfare* more conſiderable then his *glory*? Dar'ſt thou *deny* him for thy own *ends*, that denied thee nothing for thy good? Is a poor clod of earth we call *Inheritance*, priſable with his *greatneſs*? or a puffe of breath we call life, valuable with his *honour*, in compariſon of whom the very Angels are impure? Bluſh O my ſoul at thy own guilt. He that accounted his *blood*, his *life* not worth the keeping to ranſome thee a wretch, loſt by thy own rebellion, deſerves he not the abatement of a *luſt*, to keep him from a new *crucifying*? My ſoul, if Religion bind thee not, if judgments *terrifie* thee not, if natural affection *ineline* thee not, yet let common reaſon perſwade thee to love him above a *trifle*, that loved thee above his *life*: And thou that haſt ſo often denied him, *deny* thy ſelf for ever, and he will own thee; repent, and hee'l pardon thee; pray to him, and he will hear thee.

Anon.

He that loves himſelf moſt hath of all men the happineſs to have feweſt rivals.

His

His Prayer.

O God, whose *glory* is the end of my creation, and whose free *mercy* is the cause of my redemption; that gavest thy Son, thy only Son to die for me, who else had perished in the common deluge of thy wrath; what shall I render for so great a *mercy*? What thankfulness shall I return for so infinite a *love*? Alas, the most that I can doe is nothing; the best that I can present is worse then nothing, sin. Lord, if I yield my body for a sacrifice, I offer nothing but a lump of filth and loathsome putrefaction; or if I give my soul in contribution, yield thee nothing but thy image quite defaced and polluted with my lusts; or if I spend the strength of the whole man, and with both heart and tongue confess and magnify thy Name, how can the praises of my sinful lips, that breath from such a sink, be pleasing to thee? But Lord, since thou art pleased in thy well-pleasing Son to accept the poverty of my weak endeavours, send down thy holy Spirit into my heart, cleanse it from the filth of my corruptions, and make it fit to praise thee. Lord open thou my mouth, and my lips shall shew forth thy praise. Put a new song into my mouth, and I will praise thee and confess thee all day long. I will not hide thy goodness in my mouth, but will be shewing forth thy truth and thy salvation. Let thy praises be my honour, and let thy goodness be the subject of my

my undaunted Song. Let neither *Reputation*, *Wealth*, nor *Life* be pretious to me in comparison with thee. Let not the worlds derision daunt me, nor examples of infirmity deject me. Give me courage and wisdome to stand for thy honour; O make me worthy, able and willing to suffer for thy name. Lord teach me to deny my self, and to resist the motions of my own corruptions. Create in me O God a single heart, that I may love the Lord Jesus in sincerity. Remember not O Lord the sinnes of my fear, and pardon the hypocrisie of my self-love. Wash me from the stains and guilt of this my hainous offence, and deliver me from this fearful judgement thou hast threatned in thy Word. Convince all the Arguments of my unsanctified wit, whereby I have become an advocate to my sin. Grant that my life may adorn my profession, and make my tongue an instrument of thy glory. Assist me O God that I may praise thy goodness, and declare thy wonders among the children of men. Strengthen my faith that it may trust thee, and let my works so shine, that men may praise thee: that my heart *believing* unto righteousness, and my tongue *confessing* to salvation, I may be acknowledg'd by thee here, and glorified by thee in the Kingdome of glory.

Sa.

He that pleaseth himself pleaseth a fool.

The

The Worldly mans Verdour.

NOR ought I see the case is even the same with him that *prayes*, and him that does not *pray*; with him that *swears*, and him that *fears an Oath*. I see no differences if any, those that they call the *wicked* have the advantage: Their crops are even as *fair*, their flocks as *numerous* as theirs that wear the ground with their religious *knees*, and fast their bodies to a *skeleton*; nay in the use of blessings (which onely makes them so) they farre exceed. They tearm me *Reprobate*, and stile me *unregenerate*. 'Tis true, I *eat* my labours with a jolly heart, *drink* frolick cups, sweeten my pains with time-beguiling *sports*, make the best *advantage* of my own, *pray* when I think on't, *swear* when they urge me, hear Sermons at my *leasure*, follow the *lusts* of my own *eyes*, and take the *pleasure* of my own *wayes*: and yet, God be thanked, my Barnes are *furnished*, my sheep *stand sound*, my Cattel *strong* for labour, my pastures *rich* and flourishing, my body *healthful*, and my bags are *ful*; whilest they that are so *pure*, and make such *conscience* of their wayes, that *run* to Sermons, figge to *Lectures*, pray *thrice* a day by the hour, hold *faith and troth* prophane, and drinking *healths* a sin, doe often finde *lean* harvests, *easy* flocks and *empty* purses. Let them be godly that can live on *Aire* and *Faith*, and eaten up by *Zeal*, can

can whine themſelves into an *Hoſpital*, or bleſs their lips with charitable *ſcraps*. If godlineſs have this *reward*, to have ſhort meals for *long Prayers*, weak eſtates for *ſtrong faiths*, and good conſciences upon ſuch bad conditions, let them boaſt of their *pennyworths*, and let me be *wicked* ſtill, and take my *chance* as falls. Let me have *judgement* to diſcover a *profitable* Farme, and *wit* to take it at an *eaſy* Rent, and *Gold* to ſtock it in a *liberal manner*, and *skill* to manage it to my *beſt advantage*, and *luck* to find a *good encreaſe*, and *providence* to huſband wiſely what I *gain*. I ſeek no further, and I wiſh no more. Husbandry and Religion are two ſeveral *occupations*, and look two ſeveral wayes, and he is the only *wiſe* man can reconcile them.

But ſtay, my ſoul, I fear thy reckoning fails thee. If thou haſt judgement to *diſcover*, wit to *bargain*, Gold to *employ*, skill to *manage*, providence to *diſpoſe*; canſt thou command the Clouds to *drop*? or if a wet ſeaſon meet thy *Harveſt*, and with open ſluces overwhelm thy *hopes*, canſt thou let down the *flood-gates*, and ſtop the watry *Flux*? Canſt thou command the *Sun* to ſhine? Canſt thou forbid the *Mildewes*, or controll the breath of the malignant *Eaſt*? Is not this Gods ſole *Prerogative*? And hath not that God ſaid,

When the workers of iniquity doe flouriſh, it is that they ſhall be deſtroyed for ever? Pſal. 92. 7.

His

His Proofs.

Job 21. 7.

WHerefore doe the wicked live, become old, yea are mighty in power?

8. *Their ſeed is eſtabliſhed in their ſight, and their off-ſpring before their eyes.*

9. *Their houſes are ſafe from fear, neither is the wrath of God upon them.*

10. *Their Bull gendereth, and faileth not; their Cow calveth, and caſteth not her Calf.*

11. *They ſend forth their little ones like a flock, and their children daunce.*

12. *They take the Timbrel, and the Harp, and rejoyce at the ſound of the Organ.*

13. *They ſpend their daies in wealth, and in a moment they goe down to the Grave.*

Nil. in Parænes.

Woe be to him that purſues empty and fading pleaſures: becauſe in a ſhort time he fats and pampers himſelf as a Calf to the ſlaughter.

Bernard.

There's no miſery more true and real, then falſe and counterfeit pleaſure.

Hierom.

It's not onely difficult, but impoſſible, to have heaven here and hereafter; to live in ſenſual luſts, and to attain ſpiritual bliſs; to paſs from one paradiſe to another; to be a mirrour of felicity in both worlds; to ſhine with glorious rayes both in this globe of earth, and the orbe of heaven.

His

His Soliloquie.

HOw ſweet a feaſt is till the *reckoning* come! A faire day ends often in a *cold* night, and the road thats pleaſant ends in *Hell*. If worldly pleaſures had the promiſe of *continuance*, proſperity were ſome comfort; but in this neceſſary *viciſſitude* of good and evil, the prolonging of adverſity *sharpens* it. It is no common thing, my ſoul, to enjoy two Heavens: *Dives* found it in the preſent, *Lazarus* in the future. Hath thy encreaſe met with no *damage*? thy reputation with no *ſcandal*? thy pleaſure with no *croſs*? thy proſperity with no *adverſity*? Preſume not: Gods checks are *ſymptomes* of his *mercy*; but his ſilence is the *Harbinger* of a *judgement*. Be circumſpect and provident my ſoul. Haſt thou a fair *Summer*? provide for a hard *Winter*: The worlds *River* ebbs alone; it flows not: He that goes merrily with the *ſtream*, muſt *hale* up. Flatter thy ſelf therefore no longer in thy *proſperous* ſin, O my deluded ſoul, but be truly ſenſible of thy own *preſumption*. Look ſeriouſly into thy approaching danger, and humble thy ſelf with true contrition. If thou procure *ſowr herbs*, God will provide his *Paſſeover*.

His Prayer.

HOw weak is man O God, when thou forſakeſt him! How fooliſh are his Counſels, when he plots without thee! How wild his progreſs, when he wanders from thee! How miſerable till he return unto thee! How his wit fails! How his wiſdome falters! How his wealth melts! How his providence is befool'd! and how his ſoul beſlav'd! Thou ſtrik'ſt off the Chariot wheels of his Inventions, and he is perplext: Thou confoundeſt the *Babel* of his imaginations, and he is troubled. Thou croſſeſt his deſigns that he may *fear* thee; and thou ſtop'ſt him in his waies that he may *know* thee. How merciful art thou O God, and in thy very judgments Lord how gracious! Thou mightſt have ſtruck me into the loweſt pit as eaſily as on theſe bended Knees, and yet been juſtified in my confuſion: But thou haſt threatned like a gentle Father, as loath to puniſh thy ungracious child. Thou knoweſt the crooked thoughts of man are vain, ſtill turning point to their contrivers ruin. Thou ſaw'ſt me wandring in the maze of death, whilſt I with violence purſued my own deſtruction. But thou haſt warn'd me by thy ſacred Word, and took me off that I might live to praiſe thee. Thou art my confidence O God; Thou art the Rock, the Rock of my ſalvation. Thy Word ſhall be my guide, for all thy paths are Mercy and Truth. Lord when I look upon my former world-

worldlineſs, I utterly abhorre my converſation: ſtrengthen me with thy aſſiſtance, that I may lead a new life; make me more and more ſenſible of my own condition, and perfect thou the good work thou haſt begun in me. In all my deſignes be thou my Counſellour, that I may proſper in my undertakings. In all my actions be thou my guide, that I may keep the path of thy Commandements. Let all my own devices come to nought, leſt I preſume upon the Arm of fleſh: let not my wealth encreaſe without thy bleſſing, leſt I be fatted up againſt the day of ſlaughter. Have thou a hand in all my juſt imployments, then proſper thou the work of thy hands; O proſper thou thy handy-work, and make it mine, who have no intereſt in it till thou own me as thy Child. Then ſhall my ſoul rejoyce in thy favours, and magnifie thy name for all thy mercies; then ſhall my lips proclaim thy loving-kindneſs, and ſing thy praiſes for ever and for ever.

Eccleſ. 11. 9.

Walk in the waies of thine heart, and in the ſight of thine eyes: But know thou, that for all theſe things God will bring thee to judgment.

The

The Lascivious mans Heaven.

CAn flesh and blood be so unnatural to forget the Laws of *Nature?* can blowing youth immure it self within the *Icy* walls of Vestall *Chastity?* Can *lusty* diet and *mollicious* rest bring forth no other fruits but *faint* desires, *rigid* thoughts, and *Phlegmatick* conceits? Should we be *stocks* and *stones*, and (having active souls) turn altogether *passives?* Must we turn *Anchorites* and spend our dayes in Caves and Hermitages, and smother up our pretious hours in *cloystered* folly, and *reclusè* devotion? Can Rosie *cheekes*, can Ruby *lips*, can snowy *breasts*, and sparkling *eyes*, present their *beauties* and perfections to the sprightly view of *young* mortality? and must we stand like *Statues* without sense or motion? Can strict Religion impose such *cruel* Taskes, and even *impossible* commands upon the raging thoughts of her unhappy votaries, as to withstand and contradict the instinct, and very principles of *Nature?* Can fair-pretending piety be so barbarous to condemn us to the *flames* of our affections, and make us *Martyrs* to our own *desires?* Is't not enough to conquer the rebellious *Actions* of imperious flesh, but must we manacle her hands, darken her eyes, nay worse, restrain the freedome of her very *thoughts?* Can full *perfection* be expected here? Or can our work be *perfect* in this vale of

His Hell.

imperfection? This were a life for *Angels*, but a task too hard for frail, for tranſitory *man*. Come, come, we are but *men*, but *fleſh* and *blood*, and our born *frailties* cannot grapple with ſuch potent *tyranny*. What *nature* and *neceſſity* requires us to doe, is *venial* being done. Come, ſtrive no more againſt ſo ſtrong a *ſtream*, but take thy fill of *beauty*; ſolace thy wanton heart with *amorous* contemplations; cloath all thy words with *courtly Rhetorick*, and ſoften thy lips with *dialects* of *love*; *ſurfeit* thy ſelf with pleaſure, and *melt* thy paſſion into warm delights; walk into Natures univerſal *Bower*, and pick what *flower* does moſt ſurprize thine eye; drink of all waters, but be tied to none; ſpare neither coſt nor pains to compaſs thy *deſires*. Enjoy *varieties*; Emparadiſe thy ſoul in *freſh* delights. The *change* of pleaſure makes thy pleaſure *double*. Raviſh thy ſenſes with perpetual *choyce*, and glut thy ſoul with all the *delicates* of love.

But hold: There is a voyce that whiſpers in my troubled ear; a voice that blanks my thoughts, and ſtops the courſe of my reſolves; a voyce that chils the boſome of my ſoul, and fils me with amazement: *Mark*,

Gal. 5. 21.

They which doe ſuch things ſhall not inherit the Kingdome of God.

His

His Proofs.

Exod. 20. 14.

THou shalt not commit Adultery.

Matth. 5. 28.

Whosoever looks upon a woman to lust after her hath committed adultery with her already in his heart.

Rom. 13. 13.

Let us walk honestly as in the day, not in rioting or in drunkennesse, nor in chambering, nor in wantonnesse.

1 Pet. 2. 11.

Abstain from fleshly lusts, which warre against the soul.

Nilus in Paræn.

Woe be to the fornicator and adulterer, for his garment is defiled and spotted, and the heavenly Bridegroom casts him out from his chast nuptials.

A world of presumptuous and hainous offences doe arise and spring from the filthy fountain of adulterous lust, whereby the gate of heaven is shut, and poor man excluded from God.

S. Greg. Mor.

Hence the flesh lives in sensual delights for a moment, but the immortal soul perisheth for ever.

His Soliloquie.

LUſt is a *Brand* of original fire, rak'd up in the *Embers* of fleſh and blood, uncover'd by a natural *inclination*, blown by corrupt *Communication*, quencht with *faſting* and *humiliation*: It is rak'd up in the *beſt*, uncovered in the *moſt*, and blown in *thee* O my luſtful ſoul. O turn thine *eare* from the *pleadings* of Nature, and make a *Covenant* with thine *eyes*. Let not the language of *Delilah* inchant thee, leſt the hands of the *Philiſtians* ſurprize thee. Review thy *paſt pleaſures*, with the *charge* and *pains* thou hadſt to compaſs them, and ſhew me, wher's thy *penny-worth*? Foreſee what *punishments* are prepar'd to meet thee, and tell me, what's thy *purchaſe*? Thou haſt barterd away thy *God* for a *luſt*; ſold thy *eternity* for a *triſle*. If this bargain may be recall'd by *teares*, diſſolve thee O my ſoul into a ſpring of *waters*; if to be revers'd with *price*, reduce thy whole eſtate into a *Sack-cloth* and an *Ash-tub*. Thou whoſe Liver hath ſcorch'd in the *flames* of luſt, humble thy heart in the *Aſhes* of Repentance: And as with *Eſau* thou haſt ſold thy Birthright for *Broth*, ſo with *Jacob* wreſtle by Prayer till thou get a *bleſſing*.

Anonym.

Conſider well, how empty thy pleaſure will be when it is paſt, and thou cutteſt off the chief ſtrength of the temptation.

His

His Prayer.

O God, before whoſe face the Angels are *impure*, before whoſe clear omniſcience all Actions *appear*, to whom the very ſecrets of the hearts *are open*; I here acknowledge to thy glory and my ſhame, the filthineſs and vile *impurity* of my *Nature*. Lord I was filthy in my very conception, and in filthineſs my mothers wombe encloſed me, brought forth in filthineſs, and filthy is my very innocency, filthy in the motions of my fleſh, and filthy in the apprehenſions of my ſoul; my words all cloth'd with filthineſs, and in all my actions filthy and unclean, in my inclination filthy, and in the whole courſe of my life nothing but a continued filthyneſs. Waſh me O God, and make me clean, cleanſe me from the filthineſs of my corruption. Purge me O Lord with Hyſſop, and create a clean heart within me. Correct the vagrant *motions* of my *fleſh*, and quench the fiery darts of Satan. Let not the Law of my corrupted members rule me; O let *concupiſcence* have no Dominion over me. Give me courage to fight againſt my *luſts*, and give my weakneſs ſtrength to overcome: make ſharp my Sword againſt this body of ſinne, but moſt againſt my *Delilah*, my boſome ſin. Deliver me from the tyranny of temptation, or give me power to ſubdue it. Confine the liberty of my *wanton appetite*, and give me temperance in a ſober diet. Grant

me a heart to ſtrive with thee in Prayer, and hopeful patience to attend thy leaſure. Keep me from the habit of an *idle* life, and cloze mine ears againſt *corrupt* communication. Set thou a watch before my lips, that all my words may ſavour of ſobriety. Preſerve me from the vanity and pride of life, that I may walk blameleſs in my converſation. Protect me from the fellowſhip of the unclean, and from all ſuch as are of evil report. Let thy grace O God be ſufficient for me, to protect my ſoul from the buffetings of Satan. Make me induſtrious and diligent in my calling, leſt the enemy get advantage over me. In all my temptations let me have recourſe to thee. Be thou my refuge when I call upon thee. Forgive O God the ſins of my youth, O pardon the multitudes of my ſecret ſinnes. Encreaſe my hatred to my former life, and ſtrengthen my reſolution for the time future. Hear me O God, and let the words of my mouth be alwaies acceptable to thee, O God my ſtrength and my Redeemer.

S. Hieron.

Pleaſure leaves behind it a greater thirſt then that which it pretends to quench; and though it be taken in a full draught, yet does not ſatisfy.

Prov. 6. 27.

Can a man take fire into his boſome, and his clothes not be burnt?

The

The Sabbath-breakers profanation.

THE glittering *Prince* that ſits upon his regal and imperial Throne, & the ignoble *Peaſant* that ſleeps within his ſordid houſe of Thatch, are both alike to God. An *Ivory* Temple and a Church of *Clay* are priz'd alike by him. The fleſh of *Buls*, and the perfumes of *Myrrh* and *Caſſia* ſmoak his Altars with an equal pleaſure: And does he make ſuch difference of *daies?* Is he that was ſo weary of the *New-Moons*, ſo taken with the *Sun* to tie his *Sabbath* to that only day? The *tenth* in tithes is any one in *ten*, and why the *ſeventh day* not any one in *ſeven?* We ſanctify the day, the day not us. But are we *Jews?* Are we ſtill bound to keep a *legal* Sabbath in the ſtrictneſs of the Letter? Have the Gentiles no *priviledge* by the vertue of *Meſſiahs* coming? or has the *Evangelical Sabbath* no immunities? The *ſervice* done, the *day's* diſcharg'd, my *liberty* reſtor'd; and if I meet my *profits* or my *pleaſures* then, I'le give them entertainment. If *buſineſs* call me to account, I dare afford a carefull eare; or if my *ſports* invite me, I'le entertain them with a cheerful heart. I'le goe to *Mattens* with as much devotion as my neighbour; I'le make as low *obeyſance*, and as juſt *reſponds* as any: but as ſoon as *Evenſong's* ended, my Church-devotion and my *Pſalter* ſhall ſanctifie my *Pue* till the next Sabbath

call. Were it no more for an old *customes* ſake then for the *good* I finde in Sabbaths, that *Ceremony* might as well be ſpared. It is a day of *Reſt*: And what's a Reſt? A relaxation from the toyl of *labour*: And what is *labour* but a painful exerciſe of the frail body? But where the *exerciſe* admits no *toyl*, there *Relaxation* makes no *Reſt*. What labour is it for the *worldly* man to compaſs Sea and Land to accompliſh his *deſires*? What labour is it for the impatient *lover* to meaſure Helleſpont with his widened armes to haſten his *delight*? What labour for the *youth* to number muſick with their ſprightly *paces*? Where leaſure's reconcil'd to labour, labour is but an *active reſt*. Why ſhould the Sabbath then, a *day of reſt*, divorce from thoſe delights that make thy *reſt*? Afflict their ſouls that pleaſe; my *reſt* ſhall be what moſt conduces to my hearts *delight*. Two houres will vent more *Prayers* then I ſhall need, the reſt remains for *pleaſure*.

Conſcience, why ſtart'ſt thou? A *judgement* ſtrikes me from the mouth of Heaven, and ſaith,

Exod. 31. 14.

Whoſoever doth any work on my Sabbath, his ſoul ſhall be cut off.

His Proofs.

Exod. 20. 6, 7, 8.

REmember to keep holy the Sabbath day: six daies shalt thou labour and doe all that thou hast to doe: but the seventh day, &c.

Exod. 31. 13, 14.

Ye shall keep my Sabbath, for it is holy unto you. Verily my sabbaths thou shalt keep, for this is a sign betwixt me and you, throughout your Generations. Luke 23. 56.

And they returned and prepared spices and oyntments, and rested on the Sabbath day according to the Commandement.

Gregor.

We ought upon the Lords day to rest from bodily labour, and wholly to addict our selves to prayers; that whatsoever hath been done amiss the week before, may upon the day of our Lords resurrection be expiated and purged by fervent prayers.

Cyr. Alex.

Sin is the store-house of death and misery, it kindles flames for it's deerest friends. Therefore whosoever when he should rest from sin, busieth himself in the dead and fruitless works of wickedness, and renouncing all piety lusts after such things as will bring him into eternal destruction and everlasting flames, justly deserves to die and perish with the damned; because when he might have enjoy'd a pious rest, he laboured to run headlong to his own destruction.

His Soliloquie.

MY soul how hast thou *profaned* that *day* thy God hath *sanctified*! How hast thou *encroached* on that which Heaven hath *set apart*! If thy impatience cannot act a Sabbath *twelve houres*, what happiness canst thou expect in a *perpetual* Sabbath? Is six daies *too little* for thy self, and two *houres too much* for thy God? O my soul, how dost thou prize *temporals* beyond *eternals*? Is it equal that God, who gave thee a body, and *six daies* to provide for it, should demand *one day* of thee, and be denied it? How *liberal* a *Receiver* art thou, and how *miserable* a *Requiter*! But know, my soul, his Sabbaths are the *Apple* of his eye. He that hath power to vindicate the *breach* of it, hath threatned judgements to the *breaker* thereof. The God of mercy that hath mitigated the *rigour* of it for charity sake, will not diminish the honour of it for profaneness sake. Forget not then my soul to remember his *Sabbaths*, and remember not to forget his *judgements*, lest he forget to remember thee in *Mercy*. What thou hast neglected, bewaile with *contrition*, and what thou hast repented, forsake with *resolution*, and what thou hast resolved, strengthen with *devotion*.

Anonym.

The true Sabbath is to rest from sin.

His

His Prayer.

O Eternal, juſt and all-diſcerning Judge, in thy ſelf glorious, in thy Son gracious, who tryeſt without a witneſs, and condemneſt without a Jury; O! I confeſs my very actions have betrai'd me, thy word hath brought in evidence againſt me, my own conſcience hath witneſſed againſt me, and thy judgement hath paſt ſentence againſt me: And what have I now to plead but mine own *miſery?* and whether ſhould that miſery flee but to the God of *mercy?* And ſince O Lord the way to mercy is to leave my ſelf, I here diſclaim all intereſt in my ſelf, and utterly renounce my ſelf. I that was created for thy glory, have diſhonoured thy Name: I that was made for thy ſervice, have profaned thy *Sabbaths*: I have ſlighted thy *Ordinances*, and turned my back upon thy *Sanctuary*. I have neglected thy *Sacraments*, abuſed thy *Word*, deſpis'd thy Miniſters and contemned their *miniſtery*. I have come into thy Courts with an *unprovided* heart, and have drawn near with *uncircumciſed* lips. And Lord I know thou art a jealous God, and moſt ſevere againſt all ſuch as violate thy *Reſt*. The glory of thy Name is pretious to thee, and thine honour is as the Apple of thine eye. But thou O God that art the God of Hoſts, haſt publiſhed and declared thy ſelf the Lord of mercy. The conſtitution of *Sabbath* was a work of *time*: but Lord thy

mercy

mercy is from all *eternity*. I that have *broke* thy *Sabbaths*, doe here preſent thee with a broken heart: thy hand is not ſhortned that thou canſt not heal, nor thy eare deafned that thou canſt not hear. Stretch forth thine hand O God, and heal my wounds; Bow down thine ear O Lord, and hear my Prayers. Alter the fabrick of my ſinful heart: and make it tender of thy glory. Make me *ambitious* of thy *ſervice*, and let thy *Sabbaths* be my whole delight. Give me a holy *reverence* of thy *Word*, that it may prove a light to my ſteps and a Lanthorn to my feet. Endue my heart with Charity and Faith, that I may finde a comfort in thy *Sacraments*. Bleſs thou the Miniſters of thy ſacred Word, and make them holy in their lives, ſound in their *Doctrine*, and laborious in their callings. Preſerve the univerſal Church in theſe diſtracted times; give her Peace, Unity and Uniformity; purge her of all Schiſme, Error and Superſtition. Let the Kings daughter be all glorious within, and let thine eyes take pleaſure in her beauty; that being honour'd here to be a member of her Militant, I may be glorified with her Triumphant.

Anonym.

He that thinks it too much to keep a ſhort Sabbath here ſhall never be thought worthy to celebrate the eternal Sabbath hereafter.

The

The Censorious mans Crimination.

I Know there is much of the seed of the *Serpent* in him by his very lookes, if his words betray'd him not. He hath eaten the Egge of the *Cockatrice*, and surely he remaineth in the state of *perdition*. He is not within the *Covenant*, and abideth in the *Gall* of bitterness. His *studied Prayers* shew him to be a high Malignant, and his *Jesu-worship* concludes him *popishly affected*. He comes not to our private meetings, nor contributes a penny to the cause. He cries up learning and the Book of *Common-prayer*, and takes no armes to hasten *Reformation*. He feares God for his own *ends*, for the spirit of *Antichrist* is in him. His eyes are full of *Adulteries*, and goes a whoring after his own inventions. He can hear an *Oath* from his superior without reproof, and the *heathenish Gods named* without spitting in his face. Wherefore my soul detesteth him, and I will have no *conversation* with him: for what fellowship hath *light* with *darkness*, or the pure in heart with the unclean? Sometimes he is a *Publican*, sometimes a *Pharisee*, and alwaies an *Hypocrite*. He railes against the *Altar* as loud as we, and yet he cringes and makes an *Idol* of the name of *Jesus*: he is quick-sighted to the infirmities of the Saints, and in his heart rejoyceth at our *failings*: he honours not a preaching *Ministery*, and too much

much leans to a *Church-government*: he paints *devotion* on his face, whil'ſt *pride* is ſtampt within his heart: he places *ſanctity* in the walls of a *Steeple houſe*, and adores the *Sacrament* with his popiſh knee: his Religion is a *Weather-Cock*, and turnes *breaſt* to every *blaſt* of wind. With the pure he ſeems *pure*, and with the *wicked* he will joyn in *fellowſhip*. A *ſober* language is in his mouth, but the *poyſon* of Aſpes is under his tongue. His works conduce not to *edification*, nor are the motions of his heart ſanctified. He adores great ones for preferment, and ſpeaks too partially of authority. He is a *Laodicean* in his faith, a *Nicolaitan* in his works, a *Phariſee* in his *diſguiſe*, a *rank Papiſt* in his heart; and I thank my God I am not as this man.

But ſtay my ſoul, take heed whilſt thou judgeſt another, leſt God judge thee: how com'ſt thou ſo expert in *anothers* heart, being ſo often deceived in thy *own*? A *Saul to day* may prove a *Paul to morrow*. Take heed whilſt thou wouldſt ſeem *religious* thou appear not *uncharitable*, and whilſt thou *judgeſt* man, thou be not *judged of God*, who ſaith,

Judge not, leſt ye be judged, Matth. 7. 1.

His

His Proofs.

John 7. 24.

Judge not according to appearance, but judge righteous judgement.

Rom. 14. 10.

But why doſt thou judge thy brother? or why doſt thou ſet at nought thy brother? We ſhall all ſtand before the judgment-ſeat of Chriſt.

1 Cor. 4. 5.

Judge nothing before the time, until the Lord come, who will both bring to light the hidden things of darkneſs, and will make manifeſt the counſel of the heart.

Rom. 14. 13.

Let us not therefore judge one another any more; but judge this rather, that no man put a ſtumbling-block, or occaſion to fall in his brothers way.

God is judge himſelf. Pſal. 50. 6.

S. Auguſt.

Apparent and notorious iniquities ought both to be reproved and condemned: but we ſhould never judge ſuch things as we underſtand not, nor can certainly know whether they be done with a good or evil intent.

S. Auguſt.

When thou knoweſt not apparently, judge charitably; becauſe it's better to think well of the wicked, then by frequent cenſuring to ſuſpect an innocent man guilty of an offence.

S. Auguſt.

The unrighteous Judge ſhall be juſtly condemned.

His

His Soliloquie.

HAs thy brother, O my ſoul, a *beam* in his eye, and haſt thou no *mote* in thine? Clear thine own, and thou wilt ſee the better to cleanſe his. If a *Theef* be in his Candle, blow it not out, leſt thou wrong the *flame*; but if thy *ſnuffers* be of Gold, ſnuffe it. Has he offended thee? *Forgive* him. Hath he treſpaſs'd againſt the Congregation? *Reprove* him. Hath he ſinned againſt God? *Pray* for him. O my ſoul how uncharitable haſt thou been? How Phariſaically haſt thou judg'd? Being ſick of the *Jaundies*, how haſt thou cenſur'd another *yellow*? and with *blotted* fingers made his *blur* the greater? How has the *pride* of thy own heart *blinded* thee toward thy ſelf? How *quick-ſighted* to another! Thy *brother* has *ſlipt*, but *thou* haſt *fallen*, and has blancht thy own *impiety* with the publiſhing his *ſin*. Like a *Flie*, thou ſtingeſt his ſores, and feed'ſt on his corruptions. *Jeſus* came eating and drinking, and was judg'd a *glutton*; *John* came faſting, and was challeng'd with a *devil*. Judge not, my ſoul, leſt thou be judged: malign not thy brother, leſt God laugh at thy deſtruction. Wouldſt thou eſcape the puniſhment? *judge thy ſelf*: Wouldſt thou avoyd the ſin? *humble thy ſelf*.

His

His Prayer.

O God that art the only ſearcher of the Reines, to whom the ſecrets of the heart of man are onely known, to whom alone the judgement of our thoughts, our words & deeds belong, and to whoſe ſentence we muſt ſtand or fall; I a preſumptuous ſinner that have thruſt into thy place, and boldly have preſumed to execute thy office, doe here as humbly confeſs the inſolence of mine attempt, and with a ſorrowful heart repent me of my doings: and though my convinced conſcience can look for nothing from thy wrathful hand but the ſame meaſure which I meaſured to another, yet in the confidence of that mercy which thou haſt promiſed to all thoſe that truly and unfeignedly believe, I am become an humble ſuiter for thy gracious pardon. Lord, if thou ſearch me but with a favourable eye, I ſhall appear much more unrighteous in thy ſight then this my uncharitably-condemned brother did in mine. O look not therefore, Lord, upon me as I am, leſt thou abhor me; but through the merits of my bleſſed Saviour caſt a gracious eye upon me. Let his humility ſatisfy for my preſumption, and let his meritorious ſufferings anſwer for my vile uncharitableneſs. Let not the voyce of my offence provoke thee with a ſtronger cry, then the language of his Interceſſion. Remove from me O God all ſpiritual pride, and make me little in my own conceit. Lord

light

light me to my ſelf, that by thy light I may diſcern how dark I am. Lighten that darkneſs by thy holy Spirit, that I may ſearch into my own corruptions. And ſince O God all gifts and graces are but nothing, and nothing can be acceptable in thy ſight without charity, quicken the dulneſs of my faint affections, that I may love my brother as I ought. Soften my marble heart that it may melt at his infirmities. Make me careful in the examination of my own wayes, and moſt ſevere againſt my own offences. Pull out the beam out of mine own eye, that I may ſee clearly, and reprove wiſely. Take from me O Lord all grudging, envy and malice, that my ſeaſonable reproofs may winne my brother. Preſerve my heart from all cenſorious thoughts, and keep my tongue from ſtriking at his name. Grant that I make right uſe of his Infirmities, and read good leſſons in his failings; that loving him in thee, and thee in him according to thy command, we may both be united in thee as members of thee, that thou mayeſt receive honour from our communion here, and we eternal glory from thee hereafter in the world to come.

Th. de Kempis.

There are two leſſons which God every day gives his elect: One to ſee their own faults; the other, the goodneſs of God.

The

The Liars Fallacies.

NAy if Religion be so strict a Law, to bind my tongue to the *necessity* of a truth on all occasions, at all times, and in all places, the gate is two *strait* for me to enter; or if the general rules of downright truth will admit no few *exceptions*, farewell all honest *mirth*, farewell all *trading*, farewell the whole *converse* betwixt man and man. If alwaies to speak punctual truth be the true *Symptome* of a blessed soul, *Tom Tell-troth* has a happy time, and *fools* and *children* are the only men. If *truth* sit Regent, in what faithful breast shall *secrets* find repose? What *Kingdome* can be safe? What *Commonwealth* can be secure? What *War* can be successful? What *Stratagem* can prosper? If bloody times should force Religion to *shroud* it self beneath my roof, upon demand, shall my false truth *betray* it? Or shall my brothers life, or shall my own be seis'd upon through the cruel truth of my downright *confession*? or rather not be secured by a fair *officious* lye: Shall the righteous Favorite of Egypts Tyrant, by vertue of a *loud lie*, sweeten out his joy, and heighten up his soft affection with the *Antiperistasis* of *teares*? & may I not prevaricate with a sullen truth to save a brothers *life* from a blood-thirsty hand? Shall *Jacob* and his too indulgent *Mother* conspire in a *lie* to purchase a paternal *blessing* in the false name and habit of a *supplanted brother*, and shall I question to preserve

His Flames.

preſerve the granted bleſſing of a *life* or *livelihood* with a harmleſs lie? Come, come, my ſoul, let not thy timerous *conſcience* check at ſuch poor things as theſe. So long as thy officious tongue aymes at a *juſt end*, a lie is no offence; So long as thy perjurous lips confirm not thy untruth with an *audacious* brow, thou needſt not fear. The weight of the *cauſe* relieves the burthen of the *Crime*. Is thy *Center* good? No matter how crooked the lines of the *Circumference* be; *Policy* allows it. If thy *journies end* be Heaven, it matters not how full of Hell thy *journey* be; *Divinity* allows it. Wilt thou condemn the Egyptian *Midwives* for ſaving the *infant* Iſraelites by ſo merciful a *lie*? When *Martial execution* is to be done, wilt thou fear to *kill*? When *hunger* drives thee to the gates of death, wilt thou be affraid to *ſteal*? When *civil wars* divide a Kingdom, will *Mercuries* decline a lie? No, circumſtances *excuſe*, as well as *make* the lie. Had *Cæſar*, *Scipio*, or *Alexander* been regulated by ſuch *ſtrict divinity*, their names had been as ſilent as their *duſt*. A *lie* is but a fair *put-off*, the *ſanctuary* of a ſecret, the *riddle* of a lover, the *ſtratagem* of a Souldier, the *policy* of a Stateſman, and a *ſalve* for many deſperate ſores.

But hark, my ſoul, ther's ſomething rounds mine eare, and calls my language to a *Recantation*. The Lord hath ſpoken it,

Liars ſhall have their part in the lake which burneth with fire and brimſtone, Revel. 21. 8.

His

His Proofs.

THou shalt not raise a false Report. Ex. 20. Levit. 19. 11.

Ye shall not deal falsly, neither lie one to another. Prov. 12. 22.

Lying lips are abomination to the Lord: but they that deal truly are his delight. Prov. 19. 5.

He that speaketh lies shall not escape. Ephes. 4. 25.

Put away lying, and every one speak truth with his Neighbour: for we are members one of another. Revel 21. 27.

There shall in no wise enter into the new Jerusalem any thing that worketh abomination, or that maketh a lie.

S. Augus.

Whosoever thinks ther's any kind of lie that is not a sin, shamefully deceives himself, mistaking a lying or cousening knave for a square or honest man.

Gregor.

Eschew and avoid all falshood: though sometime certain kinds of untruth are less sinful, as to tell a lie to save a mans life; yet because the Scripture saith, The lyer slayeth his own soul, *and* God will destroy them that tell a lie, *therefore Religious and honest men should alwaies avoid even the best sort of lies; neither ought another mans life to be secured by our falshood or lying, lest we destroy our own soul in labouring to secure another mans life.*

His

His Soliloquie.

WHat a *child* O my ſoul hath thy falſe boſome harbour'd! And what reward can thy indulgence expect from ſuch a *Father*? What bleſſing canſt thou hope from Heaven, that pleadeſt for the *Son* of the devil, and crucifyeſt the *Son* of God? God is the Father of *truth*. To ſecure thy eſtate thou denyeſt the *truth* by framing of a *lie*: To ſave thy brothers *life* thou oppoſeſt the *truth* in juſtifying a *lie*. Now tell me, O my ſoul, art thou worthy the name of a *Chriſtian*, that denieſt and oppoſeſt the *nature* of Chriſt? Art thou worthy of *Chriſt* that preferreſt thy *eſtate*, or thy brothers *life* before him? O my unrighteous ſoul, canſt thou hold thy brother worthy of death for giving thee the *lie*, and thy ſelf guiltleſs that *makeſt* a *lie*? I, but in ſome caſes *truth* deſtroyes thy life; a *lie* preſerves it. My ſoul, was God thy *Creator*? then make not the devil thy *preſerver*. Wilt thou deſpair to *truſt* him with thy life that *gave* it, and make him thy *Protector* that ſeeks to *deſtroy* it? Reform thee and repent thee, O my ſoul; hold not thy life on ſuch conditions, but truſt thee to the hands that made thee.

S. Hierome.

Let not thy tongue know how to lie or ſwear; and let there be in thee ſo great a love of truth, that thou account whatever thou ſayeſt as ſealed with an Oath.

His

His Prayer.

O God, that art the God of *truth*, whoſe word is *truth*, that hateſt *lying* lips, and abominateſt the *deceitful* tongue, that baniſheſt thy preſence all ſuch as *love* or *make a lie*, and loveſt *truth*, and requireſt *uprightneſs* in the inward parts, I the moſt wretched of the ſons of men, and moſt unworthy to be called thy ſon, make bold to caſt my ſinful eyes to Heaven. Lord I have ſinned againſt Heaven and againſt *truth*, and have turned thy grace into a *lie*. I have renounced the wayes of righteouſneſs, and have harboured much iniquity within me, which hath turned thy wrath againſt me. I have tranſgreſs'd againſt the checks of my own conſcience, and have vaunted of my tranſgreſſion: which way ſoever I turn mine eye, I ſee no object but ſhame and confuſion. Lord, when I look upon my ſelf, I find nothing there but fuel for thy wrath, and matter for thine indignation and my condemnation. And when I caſt mine eyes to Heaven, I there behold an angry God, and a ſevere revenger. But Lord at thy right hand I ſee a Saviour and a ſweet Redeemer. I ſee thy wounded ſon clothed in my fleſh, and bearing mine infirmities, and interceding for my numerous tranſgreſſions; for which my ſoul doth magnify thee O God, and my ſpirit rejoyceth in him my Saviour. Lord when thou lookeſt upon the vaſt ſcore of my offences, turn thine

eyes

eyes upon the infinite merits of his ſatisfaction. O when thy juſtice calls to mind my ſinnes, let not thy mercy forget his ſufferings. Waſh me, O waſh me in his blood, and thou ſhalt ſee me clothed in his righteouſneſs. Let him that is all in all to me, be all in all for me; make him to me ſanctification, juſtification and redemption. Inſpire my heart with the ſpirit of thy truth, and preſerve me from the deceitfulneſs of *double tongues*. Give me an inward confidence to rely upon thy fatherly providence, that neither fear may deterre me, nor any advantage may turn me from the wayes of thy *truth*. Let not the ſpecious goodneſs of the *end* encourage me to the unlawfulneſs of the *means*, but let thy Word be the warrant to all my actions. Guide my footſteps that I may walk uprightly, and quicken my conſcience that it may reprove my faylings. Cauſe me to feel the burthen of this my habitual ſin, that coming to thee by a true and ſerious repentance, my ſins may obtain a ful and a gracious forgiveneſs. Give me a *heart* to make a Covenant with my *lips*: that both my *heart* and *tongue* being ſanctified by thy Spirit, may be both united in *truth* by thy mercy, and magnify thy name for ever and for ever.

Sir,

He that is afraid to tell the truth, denyeth himſelf to be a man.

The

The Revengeful mans Rage.

O What a *Julip* to my ſcorching ſoul is the delicious *blood* of my *Offender*! and how it cooles the burning *Fever* of my boyling veines! It is the *Quinteſſence* of pleaſures, the *height* of ſatisfaction, and the very *marrow* of all delight, to bath and paddle in the *blood* of ſuch whoſe bold *affronts* have turn'd my wounded *patience* into *fury*. How ſul of ſweetneſs was his death, who dying was reveng'd upon 3000 enemies? How ſweetly did the *younger brothers blood* allay the ſoul-conſuming flames of the *elder*, who took more pleaſure in his *laſt breath*, then Heaven did in his firſt *Sacrifice*? Yet had not Heaven condemned his *action*, nature had found an Advocate for his *paſſion*. What ſturdy ſpirit hath the power to rule his *ſuffering* thoughts, or curb the head-ſtrong fury of his *Iraſcible* affections? Or who but fools (that cannot taſt an injury) can *moderate* their high-bred *ſpirits*, and ſtop their *paſſion* in her full *cariere*? Let heavy Cymcks, they whoſe leaden ſouls are taught by ſtupid reaſon to ſtand *bent* at every wrong, that can digeſt an *injury* more eaſily then a complement, that can proteſt againſt the Laws of *nature*, and cry all natural *affection* down, let them be *Andirons* for the injurious world to work a *Heat* upon; let them find ſhoulders to receive the pair-

His Retaliation.

full *stripes* of peevish Mortals, and to bear the *wrongs* of daring insolence; let them be drawn like Calves prepar'd for slaughter, and bow their servile necks to sharp *destruction*; let them submit their slavish *bosomes* to be trod and trampled under foot at every ones pleasure: My *Eagle spirit* flies a higher pitch, and like ambitious *Phaeton* climbes into the *fiery Chariot*, and drawn with fury, scorn, revenge and honour, rambles through all the Spheres, and brings with it *confusion* and *combustion*: my reeking Sword shall vindicate my *reputation*, and rectifie the injuries of my *honourable name*, and quench it self in the plenteous *streams* of blood. Come tell not me of Charity, Conscience, or Transgression. My *Charity* reflects upon my self, begins at home, and guided by the *justice* of my *passion*, is bound to labour for an *honourable satisfaction*. My *conscience* is blood-proof, and I can broach a life with my illustrious weapon, with as little *reluctation* as kill a Flea that sucks my blood without *commission*; and I can drink a *health* in *blood* upon my bended Knee to *Reputation*.

But hark my soul, I hear a languishing, a dying *voyce* cry up to Heaven for vengeance. It cries aloud, and thunders in my startling eare. I tremble, and my shivering bones are fill'd with horrour. It cries against me: and hear what Heaven replies.

All that take up the Sword shall perish by the Sword, Matthew 26. 52.

His

His Proofs.

Levit. 19. 18.

THou ſhalt not avenge, or bear any grudge againſt the Children of thy people, but thou ſhalt love thy neighbour as thy ſelf: I am the Lord. Deut. 32. 35.

To me belongeth Vengeance and Recompence.

Ezek. 25. 12, 13.

Becauſe that Edom hath dealt againſt the houſe of Judah, by taking vengeance, and hath greatly offended, and reveng'd himſelf upon them:

Therefore thus ſaith the Lord God, I will alſo ſtretch out mine hand upon Edom, and will cut off man and beaſt from it.

Matth. 5. 39.

Reſiſt not evil; but whoſoever ſhall ſmite thee on the right cheek, turn to him the other alſo.

Tertull.

What's the difference between one that doth an injury, and another that outragiouſly ſuffers it, except that the one is firſt, and the other ſecond in the offence? but both are guilty of mutual injury in the ſight of God, who forbids every ſin, and condemns the offender.

Idem.

How can we honour God, if we revenge our ſelves?

Gloſſ.

Every man is a murtherer and ſhall be puniſhed as Cain was, if he doe (as Cain did) either aſſault his brother with violence, or purſue him with hatred.

His Soliloquie.

REvenge is an Act of the *Iraſcible* affections, deliberated with *malice*, and executed without *mercy*. How often O my ſoul haſt thou curſed thy ſelf in the perfecteſt of *Prayers*? how often haſt thou turned the ſpiritual *body* of thy Saviour into thy *damnation*? Can the *Sun* riſe to thy *comfort*, that hath ſo often ſet in thy *wrath*? So long as thy wrath is kindled againſt thy brother, ſo long is the *wrath* of God burning againſt thee. O, wouldſt thou offer a pleaſing *Sacrifice* to Heaven? Goe firſt and be *reconciled* to thy brother. I, but who ſhall right thy *honour* then? Is thy honour wrong'd? *Forgive*, and it is vindicated. I, but this kind of heart-ſwelling can brook no *Poultice* but revenge. Take heed, my ſoul, the *remedy* is worſe then the diſeaſe. If thy intricate *diſtemper* tranſcend thy power, make choice of a *Phyſician* that can purge that *humor* that foments thy *malady*. Rely upon him; ſubmit thy *will* to his directions: he hath a tender heart, a skilful hand, a watchful eye, that makes thy *welfare* the price of all his *pains*, expecting no reward, no *fee*, but *praiſes* and Thankſgiving.

S. Bernard.

Be humble in asking of pardon, and eaſie in giving it, and thou wilt be at peace with all the World.

His

His Prayer.

O God that art the God of *Peace*, and the lover of *unity* and concord, that doſt command all thoſe that ſeek forgiveneſs, to *forgive*, that hateſt the *froward* heart, but ſheweſt mercy to the *meek* in ſpirit; With what a face can I appear before thy mercy-ſeat? or with what countenance can I lift up theſe hands thus ſtained with my *brothers blood?* How can my lips that daily breed *revenge* againſt my *brother*, preſume to own thee as my *Father*, or expect from thee thy bleſſing as thy *child?* If thou forgive my *treſpaſſes*, O God, as I forgive my *treſpaſſers*, in what a miſerable eſtate am I, that in my very prayers condemn my ſelf, and doe not onely limit thy compaſſion by my *uncharitableneſs*, but draw thy judgments on my head for my *Rebellion?* That heart O God which thou requireſt as a holy preſent, is become a ſpring of *malice*. Theſe hands which I advance, are ready inſtruments of baſe *revenge*. My thoughts, that ſhould be ſanctified, are full of *blood*, and how to compaſs evil againſt my brother is my continual meditation. The courſe of all my life is wilful diſobedience, and my whole pleaſure, Lord, is to diſpleaſe thee. My conſcience hath accuſed me, and the voyce of *blood* hath cryed againſt me? But Lord the *blood* of *Jeſus* cries louder then the *blood* of *Abel*, and thy mercy is far more infinite then my ſin. The *blood* that was ſhed

by me cries for vengeance, but the *blood* that was shed for me sues for mercy. Lord hear the language of this blood, and by the merits of this voyce be reconciled unto me. That time which cannot be recalled, O give me power to redeem, and in the mean time a setled resolution to reform. Suppress the *violence* of my headlong passion, and establish a *meek* spirit within me. Let the sight of my own vileness take from me the sense of all disgrace, and let the Crown of my reputation be thy honour. Possess my heart with a desire of *unity* and concord, and give me *patience* to endure what my *impenitence* hath deserved. Breath into my soul the spirit of *love*, and direct my affections to their right object: turn all my *anger* against that sin that hath provoked thee, and give me *holy revenge*, that I may exercise it against my self. Grant that I may love thee for thy self, my self in thee, and my neighbour as my self. Assist me, O God, that I may subdue all evil in my self, and suffer patiently all evil as a punishment from thee. Give me a *merciful* heart, O God; make it slow to *wrath* and ready to *forgive*. Preserve me from the act of evil, that I may be delivered from the fear of evil; that living here in charity with men, I may receive that sentence of, *Come ye blessed*, in the Kingdome of glory.

The

The Secure mans Triumph.

SO, now my ſoul thy happineſs is *entaild*, and thy illuſtrious name ſhall live in thy *ſucceeding* Generations. Thy dwelling is eſtabliſh'd in the *fat* of all the land; thou haſt what mortal *heart can wiſh*, and wanteſt nothing but *immortality*. The *beſt* of all the land is thine, and thou art planted in the *beſt* of *Lands*. A land whoſe *Conſtitutions* make the beſt of Government, which *Government* is ſtrengthned with the beſt of Laws, which *Laws* are executed by the beſt of Princes; whoſe *Prince*, whoſe *Laws*, whoſe *Government*, whoſe *land* makes us the *happieſt* of all ſubjects, makes us the *happieſt* of all people. A land of ſtrength, of plenty, and a land of peace; where every ſoul may ſit beneath his *Vine*, unfrighted at the horrid language of the hoarſe *Trumpet*, unſtartled at the warlike ſummons of the roaring *Cannon*. A land whoſe *beauty* hath ſurpriz'd the ambitious hearts of forraign Princes, and taught them by their *martial Oratory* to make their vain attempts. A land whoſe ſtrength reads vanity in the deceived hopes of *Conquerours*, and crowns their enterprizes with a *shameful overthrow*. A land whoſe native plenty makes her the worlds *Exchange*, *ſupplying* others, able to ſubſiſt *without ſupply* from forraign Kingdomes; in it ſelf *happy*, and abroad *honourable*. A land that hath no *vanity*,

His Overthrow.

but what the ſweeteſt of all bleſſings, *peace* and plenty; that hath no *miſery* but what is propagated from that blindneſs which cannot ſee her own *felicity*. A land that flows with *Milk* and *Hony*, and in brief wants nothing to deſerve the title of a *Paradiſe*. The *Curbe* of *Spain*, the *pride* of *Germany*, the *ayde* of *Belgia*, the *ſcourge* of *France*, the *Empereſs* of the World, and *Queen* of Nations. She is begirt with walls, whoſe builder was the hand of *Heaven*, whereon there daily rides a *Navy-Royal*, whoſe unconquerable power proclaims her Prince invincible, and whiſpers ſad deſpair into the fainting hearts of *forraign* Majeſty. She is compact within her ſelf in *unity*, not apt to *civil* diſcords or *inteſtine* broyles. The envy of all Nations, the *ambition* of all Princes, the terror of all enemies, the *ſecurity* of all neighbouring ſtates. Let timorous *Pulpits* threaten ruin, let prophecying *Church-men* dote, till I believe. How often and how long have theſe loud *Sons* of *Thunder* falſe-propheſied her deſolation? and yet ſhe ſtands the *glory* of the world. Can Pride demoliſh the *Towers* that defend her? Can drunkenneſs dry up the Sea that walls her? Can flames of luſt diſſolve the *Ordinance* that protect her?

Be well adviſ'd my ſoul; there is a *voyce* from Heaven roares louder then thoſe Ordinances, which ſaith,

Thus ſaith the Lord, The whole land ſhall be deſolate, Jer. 4. 27.

His

His Proofs.

Esay 14. 7, &c.

THe whole Earth is at reſt, and at quiet, they break forth into ſinging.

Yea the Fir-trees rejoyce at thee, and the Cedars of Lebanon ſing, &c.

Yet ſhalt thou be brought down to Hell, to the ſides of the Pit.

Jer. 5. 12.

They have belied the Lord, and ſaid, It is not he, neither ſhall evill come upon us, neither ſhall we ſee ſword or famine.

1 Cor. 10. 12.

Let him that ſtandeth take heed leſt he fall.

Luke 17. 27.

They did eate and drink, and they married wives and were given in marriage, untill the flood came and deſtroyed them all.

S. Auguſt.

Whilſt Lot *was exerciſed in ſuffering reproach and violence, he continued holy and pure, even in the filth of Sodom: but in the mount, being in peace and ſafety, he was ſurpriſed by ſenſual ſecurity, and defiled himſelf with his own daughters.*

Greg. Mag.

Our proſperous and happy ſtate is often the occaſion of more miſerable ruin; a long peace hath made many men both careleſs and cowardly; and that's the moſt fatal blow when an unexpected enemy ſurpriſeth us in a deep ſleep of peace and ſecurity.

His Soliloquie.

SEcurity is an *improvident careleſneſs*, caſting out all fear of approaching danger. It is like a great *Calme* at Sea, that fore-runs a *ſtorm*. How is this verified O my ſad ſoul in this our *bleeding* Nation! Wert thou not til now for many years even nuzzl'd in the boſome of habitual *peace*? Didſt thou foreſee this *danger*? Or could'ſt thou have contrived a way to be thus *miſerable*? Didſt thou not laugh *invaſion* to ſcorn? or didſt thou not leſs fear a *Civil War*? Was not the *Title* of the *Crown* unqueſtionable? And was not our mix *government* unapt to fall into diſeaſes? Did we want good *Laws*? or did our Laws want *execution*? Did not our Prophets give *lawful warning*? Or were we moved at the ſound of *Judgments*? How haſt thou liv'd O my uncareful ſoul to ſee theſe propheſies fulfill'd, and to behold the *vials* of thy angry God pour'd forth? Since *Mercies* O my ſoul could not *allure* thee, yet let theſe *judgments* now at length *enforce* thee to a true *Repentance*. Quench the *Firebrand* which thou haſt kindled; turn thy mirth to right *mourning*, and thy feaſts of joy to *humiliation*.

Caſſian.

There is no better expedient of ſecurity, then to commit all our intereſt to God, who knowes how to give good things to them that ask him.

His

His Prayer.

O God by whom Kings raigne and Kingdoms flouriſh, that ſetteſt up where none can batter down, and pulleſt down where none can countermand, I a moſt humble Suiter at the Throne of Grace, acknowledge my ſelf unworthy of the leaſt of all thy mercies, nay worthy of the greateſt of all thy judgements. I have ſinned againſt thee the Author of my being; I have ſinned againſt my conſcience, which thou haſt made my accuſer; I have ſinned againſt the peace of this Kingdome, whereof thou haſt made me a member: If all ſhould doe O God as I have done, *Sodom* would appear as righteous, and *Gomorrah* would be a precedent to thy wrath upon this ſinful Nation. But Lord thy *mercy* is *inſcrutable*, or elſe my *miſery* were *unſpeakable*: for that mercy ſake be gracious to me in the free pardoning of all my offences. Blot them out of thy remembrance for his ſake in whom thou art well pleaſed. Make my head a fountain of tears to quench that brand my ſins have kindled towards the deſtruction of this flouriſhing Kingdome. Bleſs this Kingdome O God; eſtabliſh it in piety, honour, peace and plenty. Forgive all the crying ſins, and remove thy judgments far from her. Bleſs, bleſs her governour, thy ſervant, our dread Soveraign: Endue his ſoul with all religious, civil, and princely vertues. Preſerve his royal perſon in health, ſafety

ſafety and proſperity; prolong his daies in honour, peace or victory, and crown his death with everlaſting glory. Bleſs him in his royal Conſort; unite their hearts in love and true Religion. Bleſs him in his Princely iſſue; ſeaſon their youth with the fear of thy Name. Direct thy Church in doctrine and in diſcipline; and let her enemies be converted, or confounded. Purge her of all ſuperſtition and hereſie; and root out from her whatſoever thy hand hath not planted. Bleſs the Nobility of this Land; endue their hearts with truth, loyal y, and true policy. Bleſs the Tribe of *Levi* with piety, learning, and humility. Bleſs the Magiſtrates of this Kingdome; give them religious & upright hearts, hating covetouſneſſe. Bleſs the Gentry with ſincerity, charity, and a good conſcience. Bleſs the Commonalty with loyal hearts, painful hands, and plentiful encreaſe. Bleſs the two great Seminaries of this Kingdome; make them fruitful nurſeries both to the Church & Common-wealth. Bleſs all thy Saints every where, eſpecially thoſe that ſtood in the gap betwixt this Kingdome and thy judgements; that being all members of that Body whereof thou Chriſt art head, we may all joyn in humiliation for our ſins, and in the propagation of thy honour here, and be made partakers of thy glory in the Kingdome of glory hereafter.

The

The Presumptuous mans Felicitie.

TEll bauling Babes of *Bugbears*, to fright them into quietnes; or terrify youth with *old wives Fables*, to keep their wild affections in awe: such *Toyes* may work upon their timorous apprehensions, when wholsome *precepts* fail, and find no audience in their youthful eares. Tell not me of Hell, Devils, or damned souls to enforce me from those *pleasures* which they *nick-name sin*. What tell ye me of *Law*? my soul is sensible of *Evangelical precepts* without the needless and uncorrected thunder of the *killing Letter*, or the terrible periphrase of some roaring *Boanerges*, the tediousnes of whose language still determines in *damnation*; wherein I apprehend God far more *merciful* then his *Ministers*. Tis true I have not led my life according to the Pharisaical *square* of their *opinions*, neither have I found judgements according to their *prophecies*; whereby I must conclude that God is wonderfully *merciful*, or they wonderfully *mistaken*. How often have they thundred *torment* against my *voluptuous life*? and yet I feel no *pain*. How bitterly have they threatned *shame* against the *vaunts* of my *vain-glory*? yet find I *honour*. How fiercely have they preach'd *destruction* against my *cruelty*? and yet I *live*. What *Plagues* against my *swearing*? yet not *infected*. What

diseases

His Anathemaes.

diſeaſes againſt my *drunkenneſs*? and yet *ſound*. What *danger* againſt *procraſtination*? yet how often hath God been found upon the *death-bed*? What *damnation* to *Hypocrites*? yet who more *ſafe*? What *ſtripes* to the *ignorant*? yet who more *ſcot-free*? What *poverty* to the *ſloathful*? yet themſelves *proſper*. What *falls* to the *proud*? yet ſtand they *ſureſt*. What *curſes* to the *Covetous*? yet who *richer*? What *judgments* to the *laſcivious*? yet who more *pleaſure*? What *vengeance* to the *prophane*, the *cenſorious*, the *revengeful*? yet none live more *unſcourg'd*. Who deeper *branded* then the *Lyar*? yet who more *favour'd*? Who more *threatned* then the *preſumptuous*? yet who leſs *punished*? Thus are we fool'd and kept in awe with the ſtrict *fancies* of thoſe *Pulpit-men*, whoſe opinions have no ground but what they gain from popularity: Thus are we frighted from the *liberty* of *Nature* by the politick *Chimeraes* of *Religion*; whereby we are neceſſitated to the obſerving of thoſe *Laws*, whereof we find a greater neceſſity of breaking.

But ſtay, my ſoul, there is a voyce that darts into my troubled thoughts, which ſaith,

Deut. 29.

Becauſe thou haſt not kept my Laws, all the curſes in this book ſhall overtake thee, till thou be deſtroyed.

His

His Proofs.

Deut. 29. 27.

AND the anger of the Lord was kindled against the land, to bring upon it all the Curses that are written in this book.

2 Chron. 34. 24.

Thus saith the Lord, Behold I will bring evil upon this place, and upon the inhabitants thereof, even all the curses that are written in the book.

Deut. 28. 15.

But if thou wilt not hearken unto the voyce of the Lord thy God, to observe and doe all his Commandements and his Statutes which I command thee this day, all these curses shall come upon thee, and overtake thee.

Bernard.

It is certain thou must die, and uncertain when, how, or where: seeing death is alwaies at thy heeles, thou must (if thou be wise) alwaies be ready to die.

Idem.

To commit a sin is an humane frailty: to persist in it is a devilish obstinacy.

Idem.

There are some who hope in the Lord, but yet in vain; because they onely smooth and flatter themselves that God is merciful, but repent not of their sin: such confidence is vain and foolish, and leads to destruction.

His

His Soliloquie.

Presumption is a sinne, whereby we depend upon Gods *mercies* without any warrant from Gods Word. It is as great a sin, O my soul, to hope for Gods mercy without *Repentance*, as to distrust Gods mercy upon *Repentance*. In the first thou wrongst his *Justice*; in the last, his *mercy*. O my presumptuous soul, let not thy *prosperity in sinning* encourage thee to sin; lest climbing *without warrant* into his mercy, thou fall without mercy into his judgement. Be not deceived; a long *Peace* makes a bloody *War*, and the abuse of continued mercies makes a sharpe judgment. Patience when slighted turns to *fury*, but ill-requited starts to *vengeance*. Think not that thy unpunisht sin is hidden from the eye of Heaven, or that Gods judgments will delay for ever. The stalled Oxe that wallows in his plenty, and waxes wanton with ease, is not far from *slaughter*. The *Ephod*, O my desperate soul, is long a filling, but once being full, the leaden cover must goe on, and then it hurries on the wings of the wind. Advise thee then, and whilst the *Lampe* of thy prosperity lasts, provide thee for the *evill day*, which being come, *Repentance* will be out of date, and all thy *Prayers* will finde no eare.

Tertull.

A Christian hath no morrow] *that is, should put off no duty untill the morrow.*

His

His Prayer.

GRacious God, whose mercy is unsearchable, and whose goodnesse is unspeakable, I the unthankfull object of thy continued favours, and therefore the miserable subject of thy *continuall wrath*, humbly present my self-made misery before thy sacred Majesty. Lord when I look upon the horridnesse of my sinne, shame strikes me dumb; but when I turne mine eye upon the infiniteneſſe of thy mercy, I am emboldned to poure forth my soul before thee: as in the one finding matter for confusion, so in the other, arguments for compassion. Lord I have *sinned grievously*, but my Saviour hath *satisfied abundantly*; I have trespassed *continually*, but he hath suffered *once for all*. Thou hast numbred my transgressions by the haires of my head, but his mercies are innumerable like the starres of the skie: My sins in greatnesse are like the mountains of the Earth, but his mercy is greater then the Heavens. Oh if his mercy were not greater then my sins, my sins were impardonable: for his therefore and thy mercies sake cover my sins, and pardon my transgressions. Make my head a fountain of teares, and accept my contrition, O thou Well-spring of all mercy. Strengthen my resolution, that for the time to come I may detest all sin. Encrease a holy anger in me, that I may revenge my self upon my self for displeasing so gracious a Father. Fill my heart with a *feare* of thy

thy *judgments*, and ſweeten my thoughts with the *meditation* of thy *mercies*. Goe forwards O my God, and perfect thy own work in me, and take the glory of thy own free goodneſs: furniſh my mouth with the praiſes of thy name, & repleniſh my tongue with continual thankſgiving. Thou haſt promiſed pardon to thoſe that repent; behold I repent: Lord quicken my Repentance. Thou mighteſt have made me a terrible example of thy juſtice, and ſtruck me into Hell in the height of my preſumption; but thou haſt made me capable of thy mercies, and an object of thy commiſeration: for thou art a gracious God, long-ſuffering, and ſlow to anger; thy name is wonderful, and thy mercies incomprehenſible. Thou art onely worthy to be praiſed. Let all the people praiſe thee O God, O let all the people praiſe thee. Let Angels and Archangels praiſe thee; Let the Congregations of Saints praiſe thee; Let thy works praiſe thee; Let every thing that breaths praiſe thee for ever and for ever, *Amen*.

Pſal. 50. 21.

Theſe things haſt thou done, and I kept ſilence. Thou thoughteſt that I was altogether ſuch an one as thy ſelf: but I will reprove thee, and ſet them in order before thine eyes.

BARNA-

BARNABAS,

OR,

The Compassionate SAMARITAN,

Powring *Oyle* into Wounded *SPIRITS*.

The Second Part.

BY

FRA. QUARLES.

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Judgment and Mercy for afflicted Souls.

Part II.

The weary mans burthen.

GOD, who in himself is the fulness and perfection of all Glory, who needed no Tongue to praise it, no Pen to express it, no Work to magnifie it, created a World for his own pleasure, furnish'd it of his own goodness, made *Man* out of his own mere motion, appointed him his *Lieutenant* here upon earth, and as a *witness* and an *instrument* of his Glory, the sole *end* of his *Creation*: But *man* grew *proud*, *transgress'd* against his first *Commandement* and *fell*, and by his *fall* destroyed his then unborn *posterity*. *Sin* entred the world, and *death* by sin: and I poor miserable *creature*, born in sin, have turned his glory to *dishonour*, my due obedience to *Rebellion*, and my happiness into eternal *death*. How intolerable is the *Burthen* of this *sin!* How insufferable is the *weight* of my *offences*! If I but *think* of *Heaven*, it clogs my *contemplations*. If I but *pray* to *Heaven*, it presses down my *devotion*. I have lost the *favour* of my God, I have frustrated the

His Rest.

fruſtrated the *end* of my creation, I have broke the peace of my *conſcience*, I have clipt the wings of my faith, I have daſht the comfort of my hopes. Good Angels have forſaken me, my conſcience hath accuſed me, Gods *Prophets* have condemned me, and *Hell* gapes for me. What ſhall I do? Or whether ſhall I flie? Shall I ſeek to *Angels*? Alas, I have turned them away diſpleased: They will not hear me, or if they would, they cannot help me. Shall I flie to my own conſcience? alas, that will flie on me. Shall I truſt on my own *merits*? alas they are falſe *Lights*, and will light me to my own ruine. Or ſhall I take the wings of the Morning, and flie to the utmoſt parts of the Earth? alas, my ſins will follow me, my ſins will *haunt* me whereſoever I go. Poor miſerable man that I am, who ſhall deliver me from this burthen? Poor miſerable man that I am, who ſhall releaſe me from this Bondage? Is there no *Comfort* for a poor diſtreſſed *ſoul*? Is there no *eaſe* for a poor diſconſolate *Sinner*? Is there no *Balſame* for a *Wounded Heart*? no *Refuge* for a *guilty Penitent*?

O my ſoul, why art thou ſo ſad? and why is thy ſpirit ſo diſquieted within thee? Put thy truſt in God who hath ſaid,

Come unto me all you that are heavie laden, and I will give you reſt, Mat. 11. 28.

His

His Proofs.

Jer. 6. 16.

THus saith the Lord, Stand ye in the old waies and see, and ask for the old paths, where is the good way, and walk therein, and ye shall find rest for your souls.

Isaiah 51. 11.

The redeemed of the Lord shall return, and come with singing unto Sion, and everlasting joy shall be upon their heads: They shall obtain gladness and joy; and sorrow and mourning shall flie away.

Matth. 11. 29.

Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me; for I am meek and lowly in heart, and ye shall have rest unto your souls.

Hieron. in Epist.

Dost thou fear poverty? Christ calls the poor man blessed; art thou afraid of labour? pains are the parents of a Crown; Art thou hungry? Faith fears no famine: God the Generalissimo of the world, with his Militia of Angels, beholds thy Combate, and prepares for thy laborious victory a crown of everlasting rest.

Aug. de Virgin.

Sow thy heart with divers seeds, with Fasting, Prayer, Reading, Alms, that the end of thy labour may be the harvest of thy rest.

His

His Soliloquie.

TRue, my ſoul, if thou ſhouldſt only caſt an eye upon the *letter* of the *Law*, that letter would ſoon caſt thee and condemn thee; or if thy only object were the baſe *corruptions* of thy ſinful *heart*, there were ſufficient cauſe to juſtifie that condemnation; or hadſt thou nothing elſe to truſt to but thine own *abilities*, thy caſe were too-too miſerable for expreſſion; or ſhouldſt thou ſeriouſly conſider that glorious *Majeſty* thou haſt *offended*, there were no hopes for conſolation: But, O my ſoul, there is a *Goſpel* to mitigate the rigour of that *Letter*; there is a *Chauncery* to moderate the ſeverity of that *Law*; there is a Saviour to moderate betwixt that *God* and thy *Offences*. Art thou in *bondage*? O my ſoul, here is *freedome*; Art thou *dejected*? here is *comfort*; Art thou *purſued*? here is a *Refuge*; Art thou *overburdened*; here is *reſt*; Art thou *condemned*? here is a *pardon*. Appeal therefore from the Throne of *Juſtice* to the ſeat of *Mercy*; from the *juſtice* of *Jehovah* to the *mercy* of thy *Jeſus*: *deny* thy ſelf, and he will *own* thee; *empty* thy ſelf, and he will *fill* thee. Let not thy *ſins* affright thee, he hath *ſatisfied*: Let not *Hell* diſmay thee, he hath *ſuffered*: Let not the *firſt death* trouble thee, he hath *ſweetened* it: Let not the *ſecond death* terrifie thee, he hath *conquered* it. Feare not to *come* to him, for he hath *called* thee: Feare not to *pray* to him, for he will *hear* thee.

His

His Prayer.

O God, whose perfect glory needed not the help of *Man*, yet madest him for thy *Glory*, wherein consisted his eternall *Happinesse*; I a poor *sonne* of *Adam*, fallen by his *Sinne*, and wallowing in my own *corruptions*, lie prostrate here before the foot-stool of thy *Mercy seat*, acknowledging my grievous *Sinnes*, and humbly begging *pardon* for my manifold *transgressions*. How infinite is thy *Mercy*, O God, that hast not spared thy only *Sonne*, but made his precious *blood* a Ransome to redeem me from the jawes of *Death*! I have made my self a great *Delinquent*, and thou hast appointed *Him* my gracious *Advocate*; I have made my self a *Sinner*, and he hath given himself to be my *Saviour*. To thee therefore, O my blessed *Jesus*, whose *Death* is my *deliverance*, I flie: Before thee (who art more *mercifull* then I am *miserable*) I fall. Thy *Mercies* have invited me, thy *Merits* have emboldened me, to present my *grones* before thy gracious *Eares*, and to lay my *Burthen* upon thy dying *Shoulders*. O Lambe of God which takest away the *sinnes* of the *world*, have mercy upon me. O Lambe of God that takest away the *Burthen* of my sinnes, have mercy upon me, and grant me thy *Rest*. O thou that tookest my *flesh* upon thee, grant me thy *Spirit*. Sanctifie my *thoughts*: Be mercifull to my *sinnes*: Be gracious to my *Prayers*. Let the *Intercession* of

thy *merits* reſtore me to the *favour* of my *God*. Let the *freeneſſe* of thy *mercy* releaſe me from the *burthen* of my *Conſcience*. *Wean* me from my ſelf: *Direct* me in thy *Wayes*. Be thou my *Reſt*: Be thou my *Refuge*. Fix thou my wavering *faith*: Recall my wandring *Hopes*. Give thy *Angels* charge over me, whom I have ſo often lent grieved away. *Eſtabliſh* me with a free *Spirit*, and *reſtore* me to the joy of thy *Salvation*. Let that *power* that calls me, enable me to come; and let my coming be rewarded in thy *Promiſe*. Let thy *Word* comfort me, let thy *Truth* conduct me, and let thy *Spirit* counſell me; that being relieved by the bounty of thy *Grace*, releaſed from the *Burthen* of my ſinnes, and redeemed by the virtue of thy *Blood*, I may come to thee with the *Confidence* of a ſonne, and be received of thee in the *Compaſſion* of a Father; and after this life of *Grace*, live with thee in thy Kingdome of *Glory*.

S. Aug.

Chriſt is the Way, the truth, and the life: the Way, wherein thou ſhouldeſt goe; the truth, whether thou wouldeſt arrive; the life, which thou wouldeſt enjoy.

Heb. 2. 18.

For in that he himſelf hath ſuffered, being tempted; he is able to ſuccour them that are tempted.

The

The Sinners Sentence.

The *miſerable* condition of *Mankind*! What loads of ſelf-made *miſery* is fallen upon the *ſoules of men*! Man that had once a power *not to fall*, hath not now the will to ſtand; and being fallen by his ambitious *will*, hath loſt the *power* to *riſe*. He was created *good*; but not content with ſuch a goodneſſe, grew covetous to encreaſe it by the knowledge of that which (being known) deprived him of that goodneſſe. *Evil* he deſired to know; and not knowing the miſery of that knowledge, by that knowledge became miſerable. That God, the ſweetneſſe of whoſe *preſence* was the *perfection* of mans *felicity*, he rebelliouſly declined; and being the *Favourite* of Heaven, made himſelf a *firebrand* of Hell: and I his miſerable child, am made more miſerable by my *own offences*. What *mercy* can I expect from this juſt God, whoſe *Juſtice* I have ſo oft offended? What *judgment* may I now ſuſpect from that merciſull God, whoſe *mercy* I have ſo oft abuſed? Is not the practice of my life, *Sinne*? Are not the wages of my ſinne, *death*? If *one ſinne* deſtroyed a world of men, ſhall not a *World of ſinnes* deſtroy one Man? I that have not feared to provoke his *Juſtice*, am now afraid to think him *Juſt*. I that have ſlighted his *mercy*, have now no warrant to hope him *mer-*

His Sanctuary.

cifull. He that *made* the eye, can he chuſe but *ſee*? He that ſees all things, beholds he not my *ſinne*? Can he behold my ſinne, and not *puniſh*? Can he puniſh, and I not confounded? What am I poor duſt and aſhes to ſtand before ſo great an enemy? Did he not create me for his ſervice, and ſhall not his hand deſtroy me for my *Rebellion*? What *Advocate* ſhall plead my cauſe? What *Sanctuary* ſhall ſecure me? Shall that *Blood* ſave me which I have ſpilt? Will that Judge quit me which I have crucified? Shall I preſent my prayers to Heaven? Alas, my very prayers will return like *Thunderbolts* upon my head. Shall I lay my ſinnes before the eye of heaven? Ah me! I dare not, leſt they draw down vengeance into my boſome.

Be not afraid, my ſoul, Gods mercy farre tranſcends thy miſery. Cheare up; where *ſinne* abounds, there *grace* abounds much more. O now my ſoul depart in *peace*, for thine eyes ſhall ſee thy *ſalvation*. Open thine eares and hear what the ſpirit ſaith.

John 11. 26.

He that believeth in me ſhall never die.

His

His Proofs.

Rom. 1. 17.

The just shall live by Faith.

John 3. 16.

God so loved the world, that he gave his onely-begotten Sonne, that whosoever believeth in him shall not perish, but have everlasting life.

Acts 16. 31.

Believe on the Lord Jesus, and thou shalt be saved, and thy household.

John 5. 24.

Verily, verily, I say unto you, He that heareth my word, and believeth on him that sent me, hath everlasting life, and shall not come into condemnation, but is passed from death unto life.

Chrysost.

The faith of the true Catholick Religion is the light of the soul, and the gate of life, and the foundation of eternall happinesse.

Cassiod.

Man enjoyes all things in himself that enjoyes himself; but he onely enjoyes himself that enjoyes his God, and he alone enjoyes his God that believes in him.

Augustt.

No greater treasure then the true Catholick faith: It gives to the blind light, to the sick health, to sinners Repentance, to the penitent salvation.

His Soliloquie.

But is thy *misery*, O my ſoul, greater then his *mercy*? 'Tis true, the practice of thy life is *ſinne*, but the practice of his Mercy is *pardon*: The wages of thy ſinne is *death*, but the merits of his death is *life*. Art thou afraid to think the God of Vengeance *juſt*? and well thou mayſt, if thou deny the God of Mercy to be *mercifull*. Old *Adam* hath runne thee in *debt*, and *young Adam* hath paid the *ſcore*, and wilt thou not acknowledge it? O my diſtruſtfull ſoul, darken not the Sun-ſhine of his power with the clouds of thy *infidelity*; Eclipſe not the illuſtrious body of his Mercy, with the interpoſition of thy *deſpaire*. Think not thy great *Creator* is thine enimy, when thy gracious *Redeemer* is thy friend. Haſt thou ſinned againſt thy Creation? thou art abſolved by thy *Redemption*. Art thou penitent for thy rebellion? thy peace is made by thy *Redeemer*. But thou haſt ſhed thy Saviours *Blood*: Take comfort, that very blood which thou haſt ſpilt, will *ſave* thee. But thou haſt crucified the Lord of glory: The Lord of glory, whom thou haſt crucified, hath crucified thy *ſins*. Fear not then, my ſoul, to flie to ſuch a *Friend*, whoſe arms are open to *embrace* thee, whoſe eyes are open to *behold* thee, whoſe lips are open to *plead* for thee, whoſe wounds are open to eaſe thy *pains*, whoſe eares are open to hear thy *Prayers*.

His

His Prayer.

O God, that madeſt all things to ſerve man that man might the more chearfully ſerve thee, that gaveſt him power to continue in that perfect ſtate thou madeſt him, and a will to uſe that power to thy glory and his own comforts; I the *unhappy* ſonne of my unhappy parents, made *more unhappy* by mine own tranſgreſſions, do here in all humility and contrition acknowledge my ſelf the *miſerable ſubject* of thy utter *wrath*. Lord I have loſt the power to do what thou commandeſt, and am onely left to ſuffer what thy diſpleaſure ſhall lay upon me. But yet, O God, thy mercy is no leſſe infinite then thy juſtice, and far more infinite then my ſinnes, and haſt promiſed life to all believers. Give therefore duſt and aſhes leave, O Lord, to claim this gracious *Promiſe*; and what thou haſt commanded to be done, O give me power to doe. Enter not into judgment with thy ſervant, O Lord, for in thy ſight ſhall no fleſh be juſtified. Look not upon thy ſervant, O God, but through the Blood of thy *Sonne*; and let the *merits* of a *Saviour* out-cry the *demerits* of a *Sinner*. Remember not what I a ſinner have done, but call to thy remembrance what he my Saviour hath *ſuffered*. O let his bloody *ſweat* anoint my bleeding wounds, and accept his *death* as the full wages of my offences. Lord, I am ſick, I flie to him as my *Phyſician*; I am a treſpaſſer, I flie

to him my *Advocate*; I am a ſuiter, I flie to him my *Mediatour*; I am a Delinquent, I flie to him my *Sanctuary*; I am a ſinner, I flie to him my *Saviour*. Let the ſhamefulneſſe of his *death* expiate the ſinfulneſſe of my *life*; and let the willingneſſe of his *Obedience* ſatisfie for the wilfulneſſe of my *Rebellion*. Let my ſinnes, that cry louder then the ſinnes of *Cain*, be waſht in *his blood* which ſpeaks better things then the blood of *Abel*. Remember thy *Promiſes* to thoſe that believe: Lord I believe, Lord help my unbelief. Quicken my ſoul with *faith*, inflame my affections with *love*, and fill my mouth with *Prayers*: that knowing him, I may believe in him; and believing in him, I may love him; and loving him, I may praiſe him with *Hoſanna's* here in the Church militant, and *Hallelujahs* hereafter in the Church Triumphant.

Boeth.

There lies on us a great neceſſity of doing well; ſince we doe all things under the eyes of that Judge that ſees all.

The

The Poor mans Want.

GOd that created all things for mans use, created man for his service, who by the accommodation of all the *Creatures* might be enabled the better to do service to his *Creatour*. But when the proud disloyalty of man *rebelled*, the *Creature* that knew not how to serve man on such conditions, returned to his first Creatour, to be anew disposed of by him according to his pleasure. How dare I then presume to expect from his hands what I have disinherited my self of by my *Rebellion*? Or how can I a *dog* claim any intereſt in the *Childrens bread*? How dare I a *sinner* intrude into the *portion* of the righteous? And if the righteous onely shall inherit the Land, in what quarter lyes mine inheritance? If *blessings* be the proper dues of *sonnes*, what is due to me the greatest of all *sinners*? I am no Son, and therefore no *Heir*; insomuch that what I possesse I enjoy not by *right*, but *usurpation*. What have I that I can call mine owne? Or wherein can my *title* prove a *right*? I am wretched, for I am a *sinner*; I am *poor*, for I want the thing I have; I am *blind*, for I cannot see my wants; I am *naked*, for I cannot hide my shame. I can challenge nothing but my sin, my sorrow, my punishment, my shame. I can see nothing but that I am wretched, and poor, and blind, and naked.

His Supply.

I can expect nothing but what I first must receive. I can receive nothing but what must first be given. Nothing can be given but by *Prayer*. Prayer hath no virtue but by *Faith*; and whatsoever is not of faith is *sinne*. How then shall I supply this *emptinesse*? By what means shall I relieve my *wants*? By what *Art* shall I clear this *blindnesse*? What clothes shall hide my *nakednesse*. If I pray for what I want, I fear I shall not want what I deserve. I am a *Prodigall*, and have spent my *talent*; I have divorced my presence from my angry *Father*; I am not worthy to be called his *Sonne*, and he too worthy to be called my *Father*; I have forsaken my God, and his *blessings* have forsaken me; I that have banish'd my self from my *Fathers* bounteous table, am now marshall'd among *swine*.

Return, return thee O my soul into thy Fathers arms: Confesse thy wants, and his mercy will relieve thee, who saith,

John 16. 23.

Whatsoever ye shall ask my Father in my name, he shall give it unto you.

His Proofs.

1 John 5. 14, 15.

AND this is the confidence we have in him: if we ask any thing according to his will, he heareth us. If we know he heareth us, whatsoever we ask, we know we have the petitions we desire of him.

John 14. 13, 14.

Whatsoever ye ask in my name, that will I do, that the Father may be glorified in the Son. If ye ask any thing in my name, I will do it.

Matth. 7. 7.

Ask, and it shall be given you; seeke, and you shall finde; knock, and it shall be opened to you.

Psal. 21. 4.

He asked life of thee and thou gavest it him, even length of dayes for ever and ever.

Isidor.

He that obeyes not the Law of God, obtains not the thing he desires of God; but if we faithfully perform what he commands, we shall doubtlesse receive what we desire.

Ambrose.

We have all things in Christ, *and* Christ *is all things in us. If we are sick, he is a Physician; if we fear death, he is life; if in darknesse, he is light; if in want, he is abundance; if hungry, he is food; if thirsty, he is drink; if miserable, he is mercy; if covetous of Heaven, he is the way.*

His

His Soliloquie.

IF thy own Righteousnesse onely interest thee in Heaven, or hadst thou no better title to the blessing of earth then from thy self, how vain were the *merits* of a *Saviour*, and how poor were the *estate* of a *Sinner*? But having no righteousnesse but in *him*, thou hast no interest in any blessing but by *him*. Art thou poor in estate, O my soul? finde him, and thou art *rich*. Art thou wretched? seek him, and thou hast *happinesse*. Blinded with error? seek him, and thou art enlightned with *truth*. Naked? find him, and thou shalt be clothed with *Robes*. Challenge nothing but thy *sin*, and thou shalt enjoy all things by thy *Repentance*. Be sensible of thy *misery*, and thou art capable of his *mercy*. Hast thou wasted thy portion with the Prodigall? return to thy *Father*, like the Prodigall. Acknowledge thy own *unworthinesse*, and thy fathers *indulgence* will embrace thee. Let not the sins of thy own *wretchednesse* discourage thee, nor the fear of his *displeasure* dishearten thee. Can an earthly mother forget her *child*? and canst thou distrust the mercies of a *heavenly Father*? Go then, my soul, Flie into his bosome by *contrition*, groan thy sorrows in his eare by penitent *confession*. He that hath called thee will *accept* thee: He that hath commanded thee to pray, will hear thy *Prayer*.

His Prayer.

O God, that art the Creatour and giver of all good things, by which we are either made the more ſerviceable to thee, or the more inexcuſable in neglecting thy ſervice; I a poor off-caſt among the ſons of *Adam*, who like the *Prodigall* have miſpent thy precious bleſſing, doe here return from *huſks* and *Harlots* and the lewd *concupiſcence* of my affections, to thee my gracious God, to thee O my offended Father. I have uſurp'd thy favours, intruded into thy bleſſings, and like a *Dogge* devour'd the childrens bread. O God my wants are great; nay, what I have, I want, in wanting thee, that art all goodneſſe, *All* in *All*. But yet thy gracious promiſe hath invited me to call on thee in my neceſſities. Be it therefore, O God, according to thy word. Thy Word is *Truth*; Thy truth is everlaſting. Lord, as thou haſt made me ſenſible of my *wants*, ſo make me capable of thy *relief*. Remove my *wretchednesſe* by thy *Mercy*; Relieve my *poverty* by thy all-ſufficient *Grace*; Recover my *blindneſſe* by thy *light*; Cover my *nakednesſe* with thy *Robe*. Be thou my *Portion*, O God, and let thy Laws be mine *inheritance*. Heare the needy when he calls upon thee, and help the poor that hath no helper. Thou art my hope, O God, thou art my truſt even from my mothers Wombe. Make me ſufficient for thy Grace, and thy Grace ſhall be ſufficient for me.

Provoke

Provoke in my ſoul a thirſt after righteouſneſſe, that I may take and drink the Cup of thy ſalvation. Teach me to *ask* according to thy pleaſure, and grant my Requeſts according to thy *promiſe*. Strengthen my Faith in all my *Supplications*, and give me *patience* to expect thy leaſure. What I poſſeſſe, O God, let me enjoy in Thee, and *Thee* in it. Relieve my neceſſities according to thy will, and let thy pleaſure limit my deſires. In my *Proſperity* let me not forget thee, and in my *Adverſity* let me not forſake thee. With *Jacobs* wealth, Lord, give me *Jacobs* bleſſing; with *Lazarus* want, O give me *Lazarus* reward. Both in want and wealth give me a *contented mind*: both in proſperity and adverſity give me a *thankfull heart*. Lord, heare my prayer for thy mercy ſake, for my miſeries ſake, for thy promiſe ſake, for my Jeſus ſake, to whom be glory and praiſe for ever and ever.

S. Auguſt.

Thy gold cannot doe to thee the office of ſilver, thy mine cannot be thy bread, nor the light coole thy thirſt; but thy God can be all things to thee.

Mat. 6. 33.

Seek ye firſt the Kingdome of God and his righteouſneſſe, and all theſe things ſhall be added unto you.

The

The Forgetfull mans Complaint.

WE are Gods *husbandry*: our hearts are the *soil*, whereof some is more *fruitfull*, some more *barren*, and both unprofitable; his holy Word is the *seed*, which sometimes falls upon a *lean ground*, sometimes upon a *stoney*, sometimes upon a good *ground*; the *cares* of the world are like *thorns* that spring up and choke it; *Persecutions*, like a soultry summer, scorch it; the *lusts* of the flesh, like the fowls of the air, which wait upon the *plough*, and licens'd by the Prince of the air, devour it. How many disadvantages, O God, attend upon thy *husbandry*? how many losses lessen thy *increase*? how many accidents make thy *soil* unfruitfull, and thy Harvest easie and unprofitable? To what purpose do I till my *land*? To what advantage do I stir my *fallowes*? I have no sooner sowed my willing ground, but the seed is stoln away. I bring into the *Sanctuary* a *prepared heart*; I heare *glad tidings* with a *chearfull eare*, and then repose them in a joyfull *breast*: But when I look into my hopefull *Magazine*, behold ther's nothing there but *emptinesse* and *vanity*. The joyes of what I *gained* were swallowed with the grief of what I lost. No sooner had I set my portalls open to let in the King of *glory*, but lo, the slightnesse of my *entertainment* turn'd him out again. I hid my *Saviour* in the Sepulchre of my soul, and they have taken away my Lord,

His Consolation.

Lord, and I know not where they have laid him: my Beloved withdrew himself, and is gone, and I have sought him, but I could not find him. O treacherous *Memory*, how hast thou betrayed my *rest*? how hast thou lost the balsam of thy Soul? How art thou heedless in preserving what my poor soul was so earnest in pursuing? How canst thou chuse but feel the stroke of death, having thus lost the Word of *life*? What shall now comfort thee in thy *Afflictions*? O what shall strengthen thee in thy *Temptations*? or what shall wind up the plummets of thy soul in *Desperation*?

Chear up my soul: the *Pearle* which thou hast lost, is hidden in thy *field*, and time shall bring it forth; when sharp *Afflictions* shall plough up the fallows of thy heart, this Pearle shall then appear and comfort thee. Turn and read what the Spirit saith.

John 14. 26.

The holy Spirit shall bring to your remembrance whatsoever I have said unto you.

His

His Proofs.

John 15. 26.

When the Comforter shall come, whom I will send from the Father, even the Spirit of truth which proceedeth from the Father, he shall testifie of me.

1 John 2. 27.

The anointing which ye have received of him abides in you, and ye need not that any man teach you; but as the same anointing teacheth you of all things, and is truth, and is no lie, and even as it hath taught you, ye shall abide in him.

Greg. in Moral.

After what manner works the holy Spirit in us? It instructs, it moves, it admonishes; it instructs the Reason, it moves the Will, it admonishes the Memory.

Bede.

There is no dulnesse where the holy Spirit is Teacher, no forgetfulnesse where the holy Spirit is Remembrancer.

Greg.

The holy Spirit is an antidote against seven poysons. It is wisdom against folly, quicknesse of apprehension against dulnesse, faithfulnesse of memory against forgetfulnesse, fortitude against feare, knowledge against ignorance, piety against profanenesse, humility against pride.

His

His Soliloquie.

THe strongest City (when force without and treachery within assails it) must yield; and canst thou expect, O my soul, to be impregnable? Hast thou the *Devil* and the *world* without thee, and so many Regiments of *lusts* within thee, yet thinkest thou to sustain no losse? Art thou so unexperienced in the Christian war to think thy *Magazine* safe upon so strong a siege? Thou storest thy heart with plenty of the *bread* of *life*, and canst thou hope to keep it from the ravenous hand of thy own *corruptions*? Thou soweſt thy ground with liberall seed, and thinkest thou that the Fowls of the aire (being *Lucifers* own regiment) will not *rob* thee of a share? Thou fillest thy *Treasury* with summes of wealth, and canst thou hope the Troops within thee will not plunder thee? Vex not thy self my soul: what's taken from thee with too strong an arm, shall be no losse to thee. Consent not, but continue loyall, and thy *compulsions* shall never wrong thee. If thy domestick *Rebels* sequester thy whole estate, thy loyalty shall preserve thee. Chear thee, O then, my soul: the *Comforter* will come, and then thy *Faith* shall be repayed, thy wrongs shall be repaired; till then, thy *sufferings* shall be remembred, and then thy *Petitions* shall be regarded.

His

His Prayer.

O God without whose ſpeciall bleſſing and ſucceſſe, *Paul* plants in vain, and *Apollo* waters to no purpoſe; that with the influence of thy holy *Spirit*, enricheſt all thoſe hearts from whom thy patience ſhall expect increaſe; I, the worſt piece of all thy Husbandry, doe here acknowledge and confeſſe mine own *barrenneſſe*, as moſt unworthy of thy pains. Lord, thou haſt often ploughed my heart with *trialls* and *afflictions*, manured it with the preſence of thy Heavenly grace, and ſowed it with thy pure *Seed*; yet ſuch is the baſe condition of my unfruitfull heart, that either the *coldneſſe* of the ſoile ſtarves it, or the *cares* of the world choke it, or the malice of the Devill robs it, that it cannot bring forth increaſe worthy of thy pains or expectation. Lord, I am thy *husbandry*, continue thy carefull hand upon me, and ſupply my weakneſſe with thy ſtrength, and make me fruitfull for thy glory. And thou, O God, that haſt given thy word for a *Lampe* unto my feet, and a *light* unto my paths, ſo open mine eyes that I may behold the frailty of my *fleſh*; ſo cleare my ſight that I may avoid the vanities of the *World* and the ſnares of *Satan*. Be thou my *Skreen* to preſerve this Lampe: Be thou my *Lanterne* to protect this Light, that the corruptions of my *fleſh* may not obſcure it, that the vanities of the *World* may not eclipſe it, that the ſuggeſtions of *Satan* may not conſume it.

it. Unlock mine eares, that I may heare what thou commandeſt. Lock thou my memory, that I may retain what I heare. Enlarge my heart, that I may practice what I retain: and open thou my *lips*, that I may praiſe thee in my practice. Conſider, O God, how I love thy *Precepts*, and quicken me according to thy loving kindneſſe. Hide thy *Word* in my heart, that my wayes may be directed to keep thy *Statutes*. Remember thy word to thy ſervant, upon which thou haſt cauſed me to hope. Behold I am weak, be thou my helper: Behold I am comfortleſſe, be thou my *Comforter*. Reſtrain his malice that ſteals thy word from out thy ground, that when the time cometh, thy *Harveſt* may be fruitfull, and I thy ſervant being found faithfull may enter into my Maſters joy, and be received into eternall Glory.

S. Hieron.

We are all carefull about ſmall matters, and negligent in the greateſt; of which this is the reaſon, We know not where true felicity is.

The

The Widows Diſtreſs.

SO vain, ſo momentary are the pleaſures of this world, ſo tranſitory is the happineſs of mankinde, that what with the *expectation* that goes before it, the *cares* that go with it, and the *griefs* that follow it, we are not more unhappy in the wanting it, then miſerable in the enjoying it. The greateſt of all worldly joyes are but bubbles full of air, that break with the fulneſs of their own vanity; and but at beſt like *Jonahs* Gourd, which pleaſe us while they laſt, and vex us in the loſſe. *Paſt* and future happineſs are the miſeries of the time preſent; and preſent happineſſe is but the paſſage to approaching miſery; which being tranſitory, and meeting with a tranſitory *poſſeſſour*, periſh in the very uſing. What was mine yeſterday in the bleſſedneſſe of a full fruition, to day hath nothing left of it but a ſad remembrance, it was mine. The more I call to mind the joyes I had, the more ſenſible I am of the miſery I have. My *Sunne* is ſet, my glory is darkned, and not one ſtar appears in the *Firmament* of my little world. He from whoſe loyns I came, is taken from me: He to whoſe boſome I returned, is taken from me. My Bleſſings in the one, my Comforts in the other, are taken from me: And what is left to me but a poor third part of my ſelf to bewail

Her Reliefe.

bewaile the losse of the other two. I that was owned by the tender name of a *Child*, am now known by the off-cast title of an *Orphan*. I that was respected by the honourable title of a wife, am now rejected by the despisable name of a widow. I that flourish'd like a fruitfull vine upon the house top, am now neglected and trodden under foot. He that like a strong wall supported my tender *Branches*, is fallen, and left my *Clusters* to the spoile of ravenous swine. The Spring-tides of my Plenty are spent, and I am gravelled on the low ebbs of all wants. The *Sonnets* of my mirth are turned to Elegies of mourning. My *Glory* is put out, and my honour grovels in the dust. I call to my friends, and they neglect mee: I spread forth my hands, and there is none to help me. My beauty is departed from me, and all my joyes are swallowed up.

But stay, my soul, plunge not too far: shall not he take that gave? Cannot he that took restore? The Lord is thy portion, who saith,

Psal. 68. 5.

I will be an husband to the widow, and a Father to the fatherlesse.

His

His Proofs.

Exod. 22. 22, 23, 24.

YE ſhall not afflict any widdow, or fatherleſſe child.

If thou afflict them in any wiſe, and they cry at all unto me, I will ſurely heare their cry:

And my wrath ſhall wax hot, and I will kill you with the ſword, and your wives ſhall be widdows, and your children fatherleſſe.

Mal. 3. 5.

I will be a ſwift witneſſe againſt thoſe that oppreſſe the widdow and the fatherleſſe.

James 1. 27.

Pure Religion and undefiled before God and the Father is this, to viſite the fatherleſſe and widdow in their affliction.

Auguſt.

God is all things to thee. Art thou hungry? he is bread: Art thou thirſty? he is water: Art thou in darkneſſe? he is light: Art thou naked? he is a Robe of eternity: Art thou a Widdow? he is thy Husband: Art thou an Orphan? he is thy Father.

Item.

Whatſoever is not God, is not deſirable. Whatſoever my God beſtowes upon me, let him deprive me of, ſo as he leave himſelf: Let him take away his gift, ſo he give me the giver.

Her

Her Soliloquie.

HOw hath the *Sun-shine* of truth discovered what appeared not by the *Candlelight* of Nature! How many *Atoms* in thy soul hath this light descried, which in thy naturall *Twilight* were not visible! Excessive sadnesse for so great a *losse* can want no Arguments from *flesh* and *blood*, which Arguments can want no weight, if weighed in the partiall *ballance* of *Nature*. A husband is thy self *divided*; thy children thy self *multiplied*: for whom (when snatcht away) God allows some *graines* to thy affections; but when they exceed the allowance, they will not passe in Heavens account, but must be coin'd again. Couldst thou so often offend thy God without a teare? and cannot he, my soul, displease thee once without so *many*? Doth the want of spirituall *graces* not trouble thee, and shall a *temporall losse* so much torment thee? Is thy husband taken away, and art thou cast down? Hath thy God promised to be thy husband, & art thou not *comforted*? True symptoms of more *flesh* then *spirit*. Thy husband was the *gift*, thy God the *giver*; and wilt thou more dispraize the *giver* then the *gift*? Be wise, my soul: if thou hast lost a *man*, thou hast found a *God*: having therefore wet thy wings in natures *shower*, go and dry them in the God of Natures *Sun-shine*.

His

Her Prayer.

O God, in the knowledge of whom is the perfection of all joy, at whose right hand *pleasures* are evermore; that makest the *Comforts* of this life momentary, that we may not over-prize them, and yet hast made them requisite, that we may not undervalue them; I a late *sharer* in this worldly happiness, but a sad *witnesse* of its vanity, do here addresse my self to thee the only *crown* of all my joyes, in whom there is no *variableneesse*, nor shadow of *change*. Lord thou didst give me what my unthankfulnesse hath taken from me, but thou hast taken from me what thy goodnesse hath promised to supply: Thou hast given and thou hast taken, blessed be thy name for ever. Thou then, O God, who art not lesse able to perform then willing to promise, whose mercy is more ready to bestow then my misery is to beg, strengthen my *faith*, that I may believe thy *promise*; encourage my *hopes*, that I may expect thy *performance*; quicken my affections, that I may love the Promiser. Be thou *all* in *all* to me, that am nothing at all without thee. Sweeten my misery with the sense of thy mercy, and lighten my darkness with the Sun of thy *glory*. Seal in my heart the assurance of adoption, that I may with boldness call thee my Father. Sanctifie my affections with the Spirit of *meekness*, that my conversation may testifie that I am thy child. Weane my heart from worldly

ſorrow, leſt I mourn like them that have no hope. Be thou my Bridegroom, and let our marriage-Chamber be my heart. Own me as thy Bride, and purifie me with the odours of thy Spirit. Prevent me with thy bleſſings; Protect me by thy Grace; Preſerve me for thy ſelf; Prepare me for thy Kingdome. Be thou a Father to bleſs me; Be thou a husband to comfort me. In the midſt of my want, be thou my plenty: In the depth of my mourning, be thou my mirth. Raiſe my glory from the duſt, and then my duſt ſhall ſhew forth thy praiſe. Be thou a wall to ſupport my Vine, and let my branches twine about thee: let them flouriſh in the Sunne-ſhine of thy Grace, that they may bring forth fruit in the glory of thy Name.

Chryſ.

Nothing is more rich then he that undergoes a willing poverty, and beares it with a religious chearfullneſſe.

S. Baſil.

Before we do any thing elſe, be we carefull to conſecrate the firſt-fruits of the day and the very beginnings of our holy thoughts unto the ſervice of God.

The

The Afflicted mans Trouble.

WHich way soever I turne mine eyes, I see nothing but spectacles of *misery*, and emblems of *mortality*. If I look up, there I behold an *angry God*, and I am troubled: Look downwards, there I see a prepared *Hell*, and I am terrified. Look on my right hand, and there prosperity emboldens me to a secure *presumption*: Look on my left hand, and there adversity enforces me to a sad despair. Look about me, and there I find legions of *temptations* beleaguering me: Look within me, and there I see a guilty *conscience* accusing me. In all which I perceive nothing but *misery*, nothing but *man*, and in that misery, that *periphrase* of man, Man that is born of a woman hath but a short time to live, and is full of trouble. Were not mans time short, man were the miserablest of all creatures, and I the miserablest of all men. I am still haunted with three Enemies, the *World*, the *Flesh*, and the *Devil*. The World troubles me with her *cares*: the Flesh troubles me with *infirmities*: the Devil troubles me with *temptations*. If I am rich, I am troubled with *feares* to lose; if poor, I am troubled with *cares* to get: If single, troubled to seek a wife; if married, troubled to please a wife: If I have Children, every Child is a new trouble; if childlesse, I am as much troubled for an heire: If sick, troubled with *distempers*

His Deliverance.

and *drugs*; if ſound, troubled with *luſt* or *labour*: If in my buſineſſe, troubled with *vexation*; if in my devotion, troubled with *diſtraction*. Man that is born of a woman hath but a ſhort time, and is full of trouble. Where ſhall I turn me to avoid this *toil*? What ſteps ſhall I tread to eſcape this trouble? Shall I incline my heart to *mirth*? Mirth is but madneſſe, therefore trouble. Shall I quicken my ſpirits with plenteous wine? In much wine is much diſtraction, therefore *trouble*. Or ſhall my wiſer heart ſearch out the bounds of *knowledge*? In much wiſdome is much grief; and who encreaſeth knowledge encreaſeth trouble. Whom ſhall I call to aid? To whom ſhall I addreſſe my ſad complaints? Call to my *kindred*, they diſclaim me: Call to my *friends*, and they deride me. O that I had the wings of a Dove, that I may flie away and be at reſt. But whether wouldſt thou flie?

Flie from thy ſelf, my ſoul, and haſt thee to that voyce that ſayes, *Call upon me in the time of trouble, and I will heare thee.*

His

His Proofs.

Pſal. 91. 15.

HE ſhall call upon me, and I will anſwer him; I will be with him in trouble, I will deliver him and honour him.

Pſal. 54. 7.

He hath delivered me out of all my troubles, and mine eyes have ſeen their deſire upon mine enemies.

2 Cor. 1. 4.

He comforteth us in all our tribulations, that we may be able to comfort them that are in any trouble, by the comfort whereby we our ſelves are comforted of God.

Pſal. 81. 7.

Thou calledſt to me in trouble, and I delivered thee: I anſwered thee in the ſecret place of thunder.

Greg. Mag.

It is the work and providence of Gods ſecret counſell, that the dayes of the Elect ſhould be troubled in their pilgrimage. This preſent life is the way to our long home: God therefore in his ſecret wiſdome afflicts our travell with continuall trouble, leſt the delight of our journey might take away the deſire of our journeys end.

Bernard.

This life is repleniſht with ſo many evils, that death is rather a remedy then a puniſhment: God therefore hath made it ſhort, that ſeeing the troubles thereof cannot be removed from us, we may the ſooner be removed from them.

His Soliloquie.

BE wise, my soul, and what thou canst not remedy, *endure*. Doth the *World* trouble thee? Cling close to him that hath overcome the World. Doth the *flesh* trouble thee? *Mortifie* the flesh in thy members. Doth the *Devil* trouble thee? *Resist* the Devil, and he will flie from thee. Art thou troubled with cares in thy *Abundance*? Be not too carefull for to *morrow*. Art thou troubled with wants in thy *Adversity*? Be contented with the Bread of *to day*. Doth *sickness* trouble thee? Make use of it, and submit. Doth strength of constitution trouble thee with *concupiscence*? *Fast* and *pray*. In thy vocation art thou troubled with *vexation*? Let those *vexations* wean thee from the World. Is thy *devotion* troubled with distractions? Let those *distractions* bring thee closer to thy God. Do losses trouble thee? Make *godliness* thy gaine. Do Crosses trouble thee? Make the *Crosse* thy Meditation. Thus whilst thou struggleſt against the *stream* of Nature, thou shalt be carried with a gale of Grace; and when thy strength shall faile thee, a stronger arme shall strengthen thee. He that brings thee on with courage, will fetch thee off with conqueſt. Do what thou canst, and pray for what thou canst not.

His

His Prayer.

O God that art the ſearcher of all hearts, the Revenger of all iniquity, the comforter of all true penitents, whoſe wayes are inſcrutable, whoſe judgements are intolerable, whoſe mercy is incomprehenſible; I thy *afflicted* ſuppliant ſenſible of thy diſpleaſure, bewail the multitude of my offences, and am convinced by my own Conſcience and thy *fatherly corrections*: which way ſoever I look I ſee nothing but ſinne and death, nothing but miſery. But Lord, ſo infinite is thy mercy above my ſinne, and ſo little pleaſure takeſt thou in the deſtruction of a ſinner, that thou haſt commanded me to call upon thee in my *trouble*, and haſt promiſed to hear me. In due obedience therefore to thy ſweet command, and in firm confidence of thy gracious Promiſe, my bended Knees, O God, preſent thee with a broken heart. Thy ſacrifices, O God, are a contrite ſpirit; a broken heart, O Lord, thou wilt not deſpiſe. Lord, I am weak, ſtrengthen me with thy Grace; Mine enemies are ſtrong, weaken them with thy power: Suppreſſe the cares of the World that ſo *oppreſſe* me; ſubdue the exorbitances of the fleſh that ſo *moleſt* me; curb the inſolences of the Devil that ſo *afflict* me; endue my arme with power, and arme my heart with *patience*. Make haſt, O God, to heare me; make ſpeed, O Lord, to help me. Break not thy Covenant with thy ſervant,

O God, nor alter what thy lips have uttered. Remember thy promiſe to the ſon of thy Handmaid, for it is my comfort in all my trouble. I call to thee in the time of my diſtreſſe: deliver me, O God, according to thy Word. Conſider, O Lord, I am but duſt: O magnifie thy power in my weakneſſe. Remember, O God, that I have been long *afflicted*: O magnifie thy mercy in my deliverance: For in death there is no remembrance of thee, and in the Grave what tongue can praiſe thee? My bones are *vexed*, and my ſoul is troubled; but thou, O Lord, how long? how long? Behold my griefs, for they are great: Regard my *troubles*, for they are many. Quicken my ſoul for thy Names ſake, and bring me out of all my troubles; then ſhall my ſoul rejoyce in thy ſalvation, and magnifie thy Name for ever and ever.

S. Auguſt.

No ſervant of Chriſt is without affliction. If you expect to be free from perſecution, you have not yet ſo much as begun to be a Chriſtian.

S. Paul.

Through many tribulations we muſt enter into the Kingdome of God.

The

The Deſerted mans Miſery.

WHen I conſider but the goodneſſe of my God in offering his gracious favours to me, and my own vileneſſe in refuſing of ſuch gracious offers; I cannot chuſe but wonder at his mercy, in that I live, and am not ſnatch'd away from the poſſibility of *Repentance*. But ah! what comfort is a life that is branded with the *mark* of death? And what happineſſe is this *poſſibility* of Repentance, which hath no ſtrength to actuate it but thy own? My ſoul, in what a caſe art thou? Into what a miſerable eſtate art thou reduced? Thou haſt forſaken thy God, and I fear thy God hath forſaken thee. Methinks I want the glory of that *Sunne* that once revived me; methinks I lack the Comfort of thoſe *beames* that once refreſh'd me; methinks I feare where no feare is, and where I moſt ſhould feare I find my ſelf no whit afraid. Thoſe heavenly *Raptures* which heretofore ſurprized my raviſh'd ſoul, have now no reliſh in my drowzie eare: Thoſe heart-confounding judgements whoſe very whiſpers in former times would ſplit my ſoul in ſunder, now move not if they thunder: Thoſe ſinfull thoughts that preſt my ſoul like Mil-ſtones, can now be acted and reacted without a ſigh: Thoſe heavenly *Prophets*, whoſe preſence filled me with delight, now trouble not my patience with

their abſence. My heart is a lump of *dead fleſh*, my ſoul is ſtricken with a dead *Palſie*, my affections with a *Lethargy*. My *zeal* is frozen, my faith is bed-rid, my charity is dead, and my greateſt grief is that I cannot grieve. The *mark* of *Cain* is upon me, and I fear that every beaſt that meets me will devour me. O my ſoul, what comfort can remain with thee, when the God of comfort hath forſaken thee? What *ſafety* canſt thou find when thou haſt loſt the God of peace? What would I not forgoe that I might re-obtain my God? what pleaſure would I not abjure, that I might regain his gracious pleaſure?

Chear up, my ſoul, who gives thee a *heart* to deſire, will likewiſe give thee thy *hearts deſire*. Let not his ſeeming abſence diſmay thee: The ſenſe of his abſence is the *Symptome* of his preſence. Let his Word be an *Antidote* for thy deſpaire, which ſaith,

Iſaiah 54. 7.

For a ſmall moment have I forſaken thee, but with great mercies will I gather thee.

His

His Proofs.

Deut. 4. 31.

THe Lord thy God is a mercifull God; he will not forsake thee, neither destroy thee, nor forget the Covenant of thy fathers, which he sware unto them.

2 Cor. 4. 9.

We are persecuted, but not forsaken.

Joshua 1. 5.

I will not fail thee nor forsake thee.

Nehemiah 9. 31.

For thy great names sake thou didst not utterly consume them nor forsake them; for thou art a gracious and a mercifull God.

Ambrose.

Let no man despaire; let none conscious of his old sinnes make himself uncapable of divine grace: For God knows how to change his sentence, if man endeavours to forsake his sinne.

Bernard.

Whenever thou feelest the burthen of temptation too heavy upon thee, call him that is thy helper, invoke thy keeper, and thy aid in all extremities; and say, Lord save us, for we perish. This keeper never sleeps nor slumbers; though for a time he seemes afar off, fear not, he will not leave thee nor forsake thee.

His

His Soliloquie.

IF thy *breath*, O my soul, faile thee but a minute, thou dyest; if thy health forsake thee awhile, thou languishest; if thy *sleep* leave thee, thou art distempered: No wonder if thy *God* withdraws, that thou art troubled. Deject not, O my soul, nor let thy thoughts despair. Stay thee with his Promises, and comfort thee with his *Mercies*. Dost thou mourn for him? Thou shalt be *comforted* in him. Dost thou thirst after him? Thou shalt be *filled* with him. He that suffers not a *cup* of cold *water* for his sake to go unrewarded, will not permit a *Teare* for his love to be unregarded. He withdraws to sharpen thy desire: He seems lost to *enflame* the seeker: He forsakes thee awhile, that he may be thine for ever. Thou wantest him, because thou desirest him: Thou desirest him, because thou lovest him: Thou couldest not love him had he not first loved thee, and whom he loves he loves to the end. If thy neglect hath sent him from thee, let thy diligence draw him to thee: if thou hast lost him by thy sinne, *seek* him by true Repentance: and if thou finde him by thy Prayers, entertain him with thy *thanksgiving*.

His

His Prayer.

O God, without the *Sun-ſhine* of whoſe gracious eye the creature ſits in *darkneſſe* and the ſhadow of *death*, whoſe preſence is the very life and true delight of thoſe that love thee, caſt down thy eyes of pitty upon a *loſt ſheep* of *Iſrael*, which hath wandred from thy *Fold* into the *Deſart* of his own *luſt*. What dangers can I chuſe but meet, that have run my ſelf out of thy *Protection*? What Sanctuary can ſecure me, that have left the *Covert* of thy wings? What *comfort* can I expect, O God, that have forſaken thee the God of comfort and conſolation? Return thee, O great *Shepheard* of my ſoul, and with thy *Crook* reduce me to thy *Fold*. Thou art my *way*, conduct me: Thou art my *light*, direct me: Thou art my *life*, quicken me. Diſperſe theſe *Clouds* of ſinnes that ſtand betwixt thy angry face and my benighted ſoul. Remove that curſed *barre* which my *Rebellion* hath ſet betwixt thy deafned Eare and my confuſed Prayers; and let thy comfortable *beames* reflect upon me. Leave me not, O God, unto my ſelf: O Lord, forſake me not too long: for in me dwells nothing but deſpair, and the terrours of Hell have taken hold of me. Caſt me not away from thy preſence, and take not thy holy Spirit from me. Remove this heart of ſtone, and give me, O good God, a heart of fleſh; that it may be capable of thy mercies, and ſenſible of thy judge-

judgements. Plant in my heart a fear of thy name, and deliver my ſoul from carnall ſecurity. Order my affections according to thy will, that I may love what thou loveſt, and hate what thou hateſt. Kindle my zeal with a coal from thine Altar, and increaſe my faith by the aſſurance of thy love. O holy fire, that alwayes burneſt and never goeſt out, kindle me: O ſacred light, that alwayes ſhineſt and art never dark, illuminate me. O ſweet Jeſus, pierce the marrow of my ſoul with the ſhafts of thy love, that it may burn and melt, and languiſh with the onely deſire of thee. Let it alwayes deſire thee, and ſeek thee, and find thee, and ſweetly reſt in thee. Be thou in all my thoughts, in all my words, in all my actions; that both my thoughts, my words and my actions being ſanctified by thee here, I may be glorified by thee hereafter.

S. Chryſ.

To ſuffer patiently is a greater gift then to raiſe the dead.

Watch and pray leſt ye enter into temptation.

The

The Humble mans Depression.

HOw more then happy are those sons of men that measure no further ground then from the sacred *Font* unto their peacefull *Grave*! How blessed are those Infants which never lived to tast those dear-bought *peny-worths* of deceitfull earth! Alas, there is nothing here but bitter *Pills* of pleasure-guilded *grief*; here is nothing but substantiall *sorrows*, clothed in the shades of false delight. Look where I list, there is nothing can appear before my eye but sorrow, the lamentable object of my misery; contemplate where I list, here is nothing can present my thoughts but *Misery*, the object of my mourning. My soul is a sparkle of *divine fire*, but quencht with lust; an *Image* of my glorious Creatour, but blurr'd with *sinne*; a parcell of mortall *immortality*, reserv'd for *death*. My *understanding* is darkened with *error*; my *judgement* is perverted with *partiality*; my *will* is diverted with *sensuality*. My *memory*, like a sieve, retains the *Bran*, and lets the flower passe: my *affections* are aguish to *good*, and severish to *evill*: my *faith* wavers; my *hope* tires; my *charity* freezes: my thoughts are vain, my *words* are *idle*, my *actions* sinfull. My *body* is a Tabernacle of *grief*, an Hospitall of *Diseases*, a tenement of *death*, a sepulchre of a sinfull *Soul*. O my Soul, how canst thou own thy self with-

out

His Exaltation.

out *dejection*, that canst not view thy self without *corruption*? How art thou enclosed in walls of dust, tempered with a few tears; a lump of Earth, quickned with a span of life? Thy life is short and evill: truely miserable, because evill; onely happy, because short. When thou endeavorest *good*, thy heart faints: when thou struggleſt with *evill*, thy strength failes. For this my soul is humbled, and my spirits are depreſt: For this I loath my self, and view my misery with indignation.

But chear up my soul, and let not thy thoughts be overpreſt. The *Ball* that is thrown against the ground, rebounds. Humility is the *Harbinger* of Grace. Art thou humbled? fear not: Doſt thou fear? deſpair not: Doſt thou deſpair? perſiſt not. Heark what the God of truth hath said,

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Luke 14. 11.
He that is humble ſhall be exalted.

S. Ambroſ. in hexaemer. de Virg. lib. 3.
The Lords Prayer and the Apoſtles Creed, which doe ſeal up our hearts unto the ſervice and love of God, are daily to be repeated every Morning.

His

His Proofs.

Prov. 29. 23.

A Mans pride ſhall bring him low, but honour ſhall uphold the humble in ſpirit.

1 Pet. 5. 6.

Humble your ſelves under the mighty Hand of God, that he may exalt you in due time.

Prov. 15. 33.

Before honour is humility.

Job 22. 29.

When men are caſt down, then thou ſhalt ſay, there is lifting up; and God ſhall ſave the humble perſon.

Caſſiod.

By humility the Members of Chriſt know how to overcome the pride of the Devill. By this the faithfull command: By this tyranny is conquered: By this the Martyrs are crowned. Neither can there be a perfection of vertue, where there is a defect of humility.

S. Auguſt.

The Kingdome is glorious, the way to it lieth low: Wilt thou deſire thy journeys end, and yet refuſe the way?

Ambr.

Humility, by not ſeeking, obtains what it contemnes.

His

His Soliloquie.

ALl vertues, as well *Theologicall* as *Morall*, are beſieged with two *vices*: *Humility*, the fundamentall of all vertues, is not exempted. Some puſt up with their own lowlineſſe, grow proud, becauſe humble, being high-minded by an *Antiperiſtaſis*; this is *ſpirituall pride*: Others taking too ſingle a view of their own corruptions, and more ſenſible of the diſeaſe then of the *remedy*, are caſt into deſpondency of mind; and this is called *dejection*. The firſt froths up into *preſumption*; the ſecond ſettles down into a *deſpair*. How canſt thou, O my ſoul, in this Tempeſt eſcape this *Scylla*, or avoid that *Charybdis*? Doſt thou fear the toſſing *waves*? contract thy *ſailes*. Feareſt thou the *Quick-ſands*? uſe thy *Compaſſe*. He that ſtills the waves will aſſiſt thee; he that commands the Sea will adviſe thee. Look not only on thy *Loadſtone*, for then thou wilt not ſee thy *danger*; nor only on thy *miſery*, for then thou wilt not be ſenſible of thy *deliverance*. If thy *humility* puffe thee up, thou art not fit for mercy. If *Dejection* knock thee down, mercy is not fit for thee. Look up, O my ſoul, to Gods mercy, ſo as thou mayeſt be ſenſible of thy own *miſery*; and ſo look down on thine own miſery, as thou mayſt be capable of Gods mercy.

His Prayer.

ETernall God, who ſcattereſt the *proud* in the Imagination of their hearts, and giveſt Grace to the humble and contrite *ſpirit*, bow down thy gracious eare to me vile duſt and aſhes, whoſe miſery thus caſts it ſelf before thy mercy. Lord, I am aſhamed of mine own corruptions, and utterly loath mine own condition: I am not an object for mine own eyes without diſdain, nor a ſubject for mine own thoughts without contempt; yet am I bold to proſtrate my vile ſelf before thy glorious eyes, and to preſent my ſinfull prayers before thy gracious eares. Lord, if thy mercy exceeded not my miſery, I could look for no compaſſion; and if thy grace tranſcended not my ſinne, I could expect nothing but confuſion. O thou that madeſt me of nothing, renew me, that have made my ſelf farre leſſe then nothing. Revive thoſe ſparkles in my ſoul which luſt hath quencht: Cleanſe thine image in me, which my ſinne hath blurr'd: Enlighten my underſtanding with thy Truth: Rectifie my judgement with thy word: Direct my will with thy Spirit: Strengthen my memory to retain good things: Order my affections, that I may love thee above all things. Encreaſe my faith; Encourage my hope; Quicken my charity; Sweeten my thoughts with thy Grace; Seaſon my words with thy Spirit; Sanctifie my actions with thy Wiſdome; Subdue the Inſolence of my

my rebellious flesh; restrain the fury of my unbridled passions; reform the frailty of my corrupted nature: Encline my heart to desire what is good, and blesse my endeavours that I may doe what I desire. Give me a true knowledge of my self, and make me sensible of mine owne infirmities. Let not the sense of those mercies which I enjoy, blot out of my remembrance those miseries which I deserve; that I may be truely thankfull for the one, and humbly penitent for the other. In all my afflictions keep me from despair, in all my deliverances preserve me from ingratitude; that being timely quickned with the sense of thy goodnesse, and truely humbled by the sight of mine own weakness, I may be here *exalted* by the vertue of thy grace, and hereafter *advanced* to the Kingdome of thy glory.

S. Bernard.

Wherefore should not man greatly humble himself under a God of so great humility?

Matth. 5. 9.

Blessed are the peace-makers, for they shall be called the children of God.

The

The Sinners Conflict.

WHen *ſinne* entred into the World, *death* followed. The Scripture tells me of two deaths. the firſt and the ſecond, this *ſpirituall*, that *naturall*: the firſt, a *ſeparation* of the body and the ſoul, and is *temporall*; the ſecond, a ſeparation of the body and ſoul from the favour of God, and is *eternall*: the firſt is *terrible*, the ſecond *intolerable*. If the firſt death ſo terrified the Lord of *life*, how terrible will the ſecond be to me the child of *death*? If every triviall grief diſturbs my thoughts, if every petty ſickneſſe diſtempers my body, if the very thought of death diſmayes my ſoul, how horrible will death it ſelf appear? O when the ſilver *Cord* ſhall be diſſolved, the golden *Boul* demoliſh'd, the *Pitcher* at the Fountain broke, the *Ciſtern* wheels ſtopt, how will the whole *univerſe* of my afflicted body be perplexed! Yet were I to endure for every man that hath been, is, and ſhall be, a death as oft repeated as the Sea-ſhoar hath ſands, all this were nothing to a minutes torment of the *ſecond* death. O treacherous and ſoul-deſtroying *ſin*, how haſt thou thus betrayed me to eternall death, by thy falſe, momentary and deceitfull *pleaſures*? How haſt thou bewitcht me with flattering ſmiles, and with thy counterfeit delights thus *tickled* me to death? Thou haſt not onely deprived me of a tranſitory

life,

His Conqueſt.

life, but led me into the hideous jawes of an everlaſting *death*. Thou haſt not onely divorced my miſerable ſoul from her beloved *body*, but ſeparated both ſoul and body from the *favours* of my *God*, and left them to the inſufferable *torments* of *eternity*. O my ſoul, can thy life be leſſe then *miſerable*, which being ended, is tranſported to ſo infinite a miſery? How can thy death be leſſe then *terrible*, which opens the Gates to ſuch eternall torments? What wilt thou doe? Or whether wilt thou flie? Thy *actions* cannot ſave thee, nor thy *flight* ſecure thee. *Death* is thy enemy, who taking the advantage of thy *luſts*, hath ſtrengthened it ſelf through thy *weakneſſe*.

Repair to thy colours, O my ſoul, the *Lord* of *life* is thy *Generall*: He hath foild thy enemy and diſarm'd him. Stand faſt: He is conquered, if thou ſtrive to conquer. Heark what thy Generall ſaith.

Rev. 2. 11.

He that overcometh, ſhall not be hurt of the ſecond death.

S. Chryſ. *de orando Deum.*

I cannot but admire and wonder at the great love of God towards man, for vouchſafing him ſo high an honour, as familiarity to ſpeak unto him by prayer.

His

His Proofs.

Rev. 2. 7.

TO him that overcometh I will give to eate of the Tree of Life, which is in the midſt of the Paradiſe of God.

Rev 3 21.

To him that overcometh I will grant to ſit with me in thy Throne, even as I alſo overcame, and am ſet down with my Father in his Throne.

Rev. 2. 17.

To him that overcometh I will give to eate of the hidden Manna, and will give him a white ſtone, and in the ſtone a new name written, which no man knoweth ſaving he that receiveth it.

Greg. lib. 8. Moral.

The valour of a juſt man is to conquer the fleſh, to contradict his own will, to quench the delights of this preſent life, to endure and love the miſeries of this World for the reward of a better, to contemn the flatteries of proſperity, and inwardly to overcome the feares of adverſity.

Hieron. in Epiſt.

No labour is hard, no time is long, wherein the glory of eternity is the mark we level at.

Savonar.

If there be no enemy, no fight: if no fight, no victory: if no victory, no crown.

His

His Soliloquie.

OUr life is a *warfare*, and every Christian is two *Souldiers*. The Army consists of *good* and *evill* motions; these under the conduct of the flesh, those under the command of the Spirit. The two *Generalls*, God and the Devill: the field the heart: the word, on the one side, *Glory*, on the other side, *Pleasure*: the reward of both *Eternity*; on that side, of *happinesse*, on this side, of *torment*. How is thy heart, O my soul, like *Rebecca's wombe*? How doe two *Nations* strive within thee? Chear up, take courage in the *Reward* that is set before thee. So fight, that thou mayst *conquer*; so runne, that thou mayst *obtain*. Let not the *policy* of the Enemy dismay thee, nor thine own *fewnesse* disanimate thee. *Advance* therefore, O my dull soul; *fear* not the fiery *darts* of Satan, nor be afraid of his Arrow that flies by night. Press towards the great *Reward*, and let thy Spirit resist to *Blood*. Take courage from thy *cause*: thou fightest for thy *Prince*, thy *God*, and takest up Armes against his Enemy, and thy rebellious *Lusts*. Is thy Enemy too potent? *fear* not. Art thou besieged? *faint* not. Art thou routed? *flie* not. Call aid, and thou shalt be *strengthened*: Petition, and thou shalt be *relieved*: Pray, and thou shalt be *recruited*.

His

His Prayer.

O God to whom belong the issues of death, at whose terrible Name the very Foundation of my soul trembles, I a poor convicted sinner, accused by my own conscience, and ready to be condemned by thy justice, doe here in the very wounding of my heart, confesse my self a miserable creature. I have nothing to plead, O God, but mercy; and where shall I find that mercy, but in my merciſull Redeemer? Blessed Redeemer, that hast promised victory to those that *strive*, and life to those that *overcome*, teach thou my hands to war, and my fingers to fight. Give me a loyall heart, that the inticements of the World may not seduce it; Give me a constant spirit, that the pleasures of the flesh may not entice it; Give me a wise fore-cast, that the subtilty of the Devil may not entrap me. Let not the multitude of mine enemies *discourage* me, nor the greatness of their powers *dismay* me, nor the weakness of my arme *dishearten* me. Thou that gavest little *Israel* victory against great *Pharaoh*, strengthen me; Thou that gavest little *David* the day against great *Goliah*, succour me; Thou that gavest single *Sampson* conquest against the numerous *Philistines*, save me. Lord, fight against them that fight against my soul. Arise, O God, and let thine enemies be confounded. Lord shield me from the fury of my own corruptions, for they are many: Deliver me from

the imaginations of my own heart, for they are evill, and that continually. Let not the frailty of my youth beſet me, & keep me from the danger of my ſecret ſins. Double my watchfulneſſe upon my *Dalilah*, that is ſo apt to kiſſe me and betray me. Without thy grace I have no will to ſtrive, no power to ſtand, no hope to conquer: Suſtain me, that I may not faint; Second me, that I may not *flie*; Strengthen me, that I may not yield. Gird my loins with truth, and let my breaſt-plate be thy Righteouſneſſe; that putting on the Helmet of ſalvation, I may fight a good fight, and receive a *Crown* of glory; that having paſt the terrours of the firſt death, I may eſcape the torments of the ſecond, and triumph with thee in the Kingdome of glory.

S. Cyprian.

For why were we liſted into the bands of his militia, if we look for nothing but peace, and do ſhun and refuſe the difficulties of his ſervice?

Anonym.

If we doe but reſiſt, we have overcome; and cannot be conquered but by our own treachery.

Sions

Sions Decay.

DOst ask me, why so sad? Or can my sorrow be thy wonder? Canst thou or can thy eye expect a *Sunshine* where the greater *Lampe* of Heaven is *eclips'd*? or can my soul be *frolick* when the *Vineyard* of my heart is *blasted*? Can the *children* of the *Bride-chamber* chuse but hang their heads, to see the *Bridegroom slighted*, and the *Brides* lovely cheeks *profaned* with every peasants hand? Can poor affrighted *Lambs* wanton and frisk upon the pleasant plains, whenas their worried *Mothers* tremble at the Quest of every *Curr*? What *member* can rejoyce, whenas the *body* is dismembered? *Sion*, the *glory* of Heaven is darkned, and her bright beams obscured. *Sion*, the *Vineyard* of our souls, is blasted, and her *clusters* are grown sour. *Sion*, the *Bride* of my Redeemer, is defiled, her blood-wash'd *Robes* are sullied and slubbered. *Sion*, the *Mistresse* of our Flocks, is overpowered, and her tender *Lambs* have no protection. *Sion*, the *Mother* of us all, is barren, and her uberous breasts are dry. *Sion*, the glorious Corporation of the *Elect*, is factious in it self, and her *Members* are disjoynted. Ah how can my distressed soul find *rest*, when *Sion the rest* of my distressed soul is oppress'd? How many of her dearest children are now tugging at the slavish

ear of *Infidels*? How many roaring under the imperious hand of the daughter of *Babylon*? How many baniſhed from their *native ſoils*, and driven from their uſurped *poſſeſſions*? This Vine which Heavens right hand hath planted, is decayed, her Fences broken, her hedge trodden down; her body torn by *Schiſmaticks*, cankered with *Hereticks*, blaſted with fiery *ſpirits*; her branches rent with the wilde *Bore*, her Grapes devoured with the wily *Fox*. Her Shepherds are turned *Wolves*, and have devoured her *Flocks*. Confuſion is within her *walls* and deſolation is near unto her gates. O *Jeruſalem*, if I forget to mourn for thee, let my right hand forget her cunning; and if I prize not thee above my greateſt joy, let my tongue cleave to my roof.

But heark, I hear a heavenly voyce whiſpering glad tidings in my eare, which ſaith,

Iſa. 27. 3.
I the Lord do keep it and will water it.

S. Ambroſ.
The Catholick Church is always veſted with the garments of Chriſt, and therefore ever under his protection.

His

His Proofs.

Pſal. 69. 35.

THE Lord will ſave Sion, and will build the Cities of Juda, that they may dwell there, and have it in poſſeſſion.

Pſal. 87. 5.

Of Sion it ſhall be ſaid, This and that man was born in her: and the Higheſt himſelf ſhall eſtabliſh her.

Iſa. 14. 32.

The Lord hath founded Sion, and the poor of his people ſhall truſt in it.

Iſa. 12. 6.

Cry out and ſhout thou inhabitant of Sion, for great is the holy One of Iſrael in the midſt of thee.

Orig. Hom. 10. in diverſ.

O holy Lord, how happy are they that truſt in thee! It is a moſt certain truth, that thou loveſt all thoſe that love thee, and never forſakeſt thoſe that truſt in thee. For behold, thy Love ſought thee, and undoubtedly found thee. She truſted in thee, and she is not forſaken of thee, but hath obtained more by thee, then she expected from thee.

Bernard.

He will give his Angels charge over thee. O what reverence, what love, what confidence deſerveth ſo ſweet a ſaying? For their preſence, reverence; for their good will, love; for their tuition, confidence.

Her Soliloquie.

WHo is not interested in the *miseries* of *Sion?* What sadnesse may not be justified in her *calamity?* O my soul, thou maist here spend thy self in holy passion, and dissolve thy self in tears: But yet be wisely sad; let not thy tears exceed thy *confidence*, nor let thy grief exclude thy hope. Mourn not for the *Bride*, as if the *Bridegroom* were not; or being, had no power; or having power, wanted *will*; or having will, were like thy self *forgetfull*. No, no, my soul, he that suffers her to suffer, will *sustain* her in her sufferance and *Crown* her sufferings: When she is persecuted, she *prospers*; when she is oppress'd, she *flourisheth*; in her contempt she gains *honour*; in her wounds, *victories*; in her reproach, *credit*; in her patience, a *Crown*; and with her *Crown of thorns*, a *Crown of glory*. Can she be more like her Bridegroom then in *affliction?* Can she more resemble her husband then in *persecution?* Remember, O my soul, she is a plant of his right hands planting, and who can pluck it up? Fear not, this *Vine* must prosper in spight of *opposition*. Yet know, my soul, thou shalt not prosper, nor see good dayes, unlesse thou wish *prosperity to Jerusalem*, and pray for *Peace* in *Sion*.

The

The Prayer.

O God that art the beautie of *Sion*, and the glory of thy *Jeruſalem*, and the joy of thine elect, behold the mangled body of thy diſtreſſed Church: Relieve the miſeries of her diſtempered members. She is our *Lampe*, illuminate her with thy glory; She is thy *Vine*, O fructifie her with thy grace; She is thy *Bride*, embrace her in thy love; She is thy *Flock*, protect her by thy power; She is our *Body*, rectifie her with thy health; We are her *members*, ſanctifie us with thy righteouſneſſe. Let not the malice of Satan diſcourage her: Let not the counſels of the wicked diſturb her: Let not the gates of Hell prevail againſt her. Give verity in her doctrine, unity in her ſelf, uniformity in her diſcipline, univerſality in her progreſſe: Repair her broken Fences, and weaken the power of the wild Boar. Bleſs all ſuch as love her, and as for her enemies, either convert them in thy mercy, or confound them in thy juſtice. Let her appear to be thy daughter, and let the Kings daughter be all glorious within. Let her be known to be thy Arke, and let Dagon fall down before her. Purge her from errour, hereſie, ignorance and ſuperſtition; and being purged, O take thou pleaſure in her beauty. Behold her Branches which ſuffer for thy name, and give them deliverance or patience. Let no weapon that is formed againſt thy Church proſper, and let all tongues that ſpeak againſt

her be confounded. Let her gates be alwayes open, and glorifie the houſe of thy glory. Let thy hand be upon the man of thy right hand, that he may guard this Plant which thy right hand hath planted. Give thy juſtice to the King, and thy righteouſneſs to the Kings ſon. Seaſon thy Seminaries with thy truth; and bleſs the houſe of *Levi*, and bleſs the houſe of *Aaron*. Turn thy countenance to thy firſt love, the *Jews*; and take not thy Candleſtick from thy choſen, the *Gentiles*: that having one Shepherd, we may be one *Flock*; and having one faith, we may be one *Church*; and having one heart to pleaſe thee, we may have one voice to *praiſe* thee, here *militant* in the Kingdom of Grace, and hereafter *triumphant* in the Kingdom of Glory.

S. Cyprian.

He cannot have God to be his Father, who owns not the Church as his Mother.

S. Ambroſ.

Ariſe therefore, run to the Church: there is the Father, there is the Son, there is the Holy Ghoſt.

The

The Mourners Calamity.

FOr Stoicisme to rejoyce at *Funerals* and lament at *Births* of men, is more absonant to *Nature* then to *Reason*. Too self-indulgent *Nature* would preserve her self on any terms; but well-instructed *Reason* holds a *Being* but an ill penny-worth purchased on condition of so long a *misery*. Who knows himself a *Man*, needs seek no further for a cause to mourn: For what is man but a Sampler of *weakness*, the spoil of time, the Maygame of *Fortune*, the image of *Inconstancy*, the balance of *Calamity*, and what besides, but *Phlegme* and *Choler*? His *Birth* is a painfull coming into the World; his *life* a sinfull continuance in the World; his *death* a dreadfull going out of the World. His *birth* brings him into the shop of sin; his *Childhood* binds him *Apprentice* to sin; his *youth* makes him *free* in sin; his *full Age* trades in sin; his *old Age* breaks him; his last Sickness arrests him, and *Death* casts him into Prison. The *pleasure* he takes is to displease his God; his *businesse* is to disturb his Neighbour; his *study is* to destroy himself: his best labour is but *vanity*, and the fruits of that labour is *vexation of spirit*. His mirth is *a short madness*, his sorrow *a long torment*, his recreation *a formall Antick*, his devotion an *antick formality*: his course of life is a *Quotidian Ague*, whose cold fits are *sloth* and

charity, whoſe hot fits are *wrath and concupiſcence*; his *pleaſures* are but *airy ſhadows* to beguile him; his *honours* are but *frothy pleaſures* to betray him; his *profit* is but golden *fetters* to beſlave him, the effect whereof is *ſinne*, the end whereof is *death*. In brief, he that would learn to be a *Mourner*, let him remember that he is a *Man*. O my ſoul, is this the *pleaſure* that this *World* promiſes? Is this that *happineſſe* that this great *promiſer* affords? Had man no hopes of greater happineſſe then Earth can give, how more unhappy were he then a beaſt! What happineſſe can counterpoize his *ſorrow*? What mirth can countervail his *miſery*? What comfort is there in this Houſe of *Mourning*? Where then ſhall I repoſe my truſt? On whom ſhall my truſht hopes rely.

Dareſt thou believe the word of Truth? hearke what the word of Truth hath ſaid,

Mat. 5. 4.

Bleſſed are they that mourn, for they ſhall be comforted.

His Proofs.

Pſal. 119. 50.

THis is my comfort in my affliction, for thy word hath quickned me.

Iſa. 61. 2.

Proclaim the acceptable yeare of the Lord, and the day of vengeance, to comfort all that mourn.

Jer. 31. 13.

I will turn their mourning into joy, and will comfort them, and make them rejoyce from their ſorrow.

Pſal. 71. 20, 21.

Thou which haſt ſhewed me great and ſore troubles, ſhalt quicken me again, and ſhalt bring me up again from the depth of the Earth. Thou ſhalt encreaſe my greatneſſe, and comfort me on every ſide.

Aug. Soliloq. cap. 23.

There was a great dark cloud of calamity before mine eyes, ſo that I could not ſee the Sun of Juſtice and the light of Truth: But Lord thou art my God, who haſt led me from darkneſſe and the ſhadow of death; haſt called me into this glorious light, and behold, I ſee.

Kemp. lib. 3. cap. 50.

There is none under Heaven that can comfort me, but thou my Lord God, the Heavenly Phyſician of ſouls, that ſtrikeſt and healeſt, bringeſt into Hell and draweſt out again.

His

His Soliloquie.

MIsery is the badge of *mortality*, and mortality the *lot* of man. He that views himself impartially, needs seek no subject for a tear; yet, O my soul, hadst thou not seen thine own *misery*, how more miserable hadst thou been! Hadst thou been hood-winkt to thy *corruptions*, hadst thou been blind to thine *Infirmities*, had thy filth been painted over with *vanity*, how had the way to thy redress been blockt up! How hadst thou stumbled at thy *self*, and fallen at thine own *destruction*! O my soul, it is a great part of safety, to see a danger: a good step towards *health*, to discover the disease: a fair progresse towards *happiness*, to behold thine own misery. But *evils* discovered, and no more, grow *sharper* by the discovery. He only *uses* a *foreseen danger*, that endeavours to avoid it: He *profits* by a discovered disease, that labours to *amend* it: He takes *benefit* by *provided misery*, that strives to *eschew* it. Being fairly *warn'd*, my soul, be thou as strongly arm'd. Doest thou plead *weakneſſe*? be couragious, and thou shalt be *victorious*. Does sadneſſe cool thy courage? be patient, and thou shalt be *comforted*: remember thou art militant. Dost thou find thy self *timorous*? strengthen thy self with *resolution*. Dost thou find thy self *spent*? fortifie thy self by *Prayer*.

His

His Prayer.

O God that heareſt the *ſighing* of a contrite heart, and bottleſt up the tears of a repentant eye, bow down thy gracious eare and hear the torments of a *grieved* breaſt. Look on my *tears*, and read in them what my cloſed lips are even aſhamed to utter. Thou mad'ſt me free, but I have loſt my freedome by my rebellion: Thou mad'ſt me like thy ſelf, but I have blurred thine image by my ſin: Thou mad'ſt me clean and holy, but I have wallowed in the mire of my own corruptions: Thou mad'ſt me for thy glory, but I have lived to thy diſhonour: Thou mad'ſt me a Man, but I have made my ſelf a worm and no man. Lord, I ſee the *miſery* of my own condition, and without thy mercy I am worſe then nothing: But thou art gracious, and of great compaſſion, and thy Truth endures from Generation to Generation. Lord, thou haſt promiſed *joy* to thoſe that *grieve*, and *comfort* to them that mourn: In full aſſurance of thy gracious promiſe, upon my bended knees I humbly ſue for thy ſeaſonable performance. Strengthen me, that I may endure this nights *ſorrow*, and let the joy of thy good Spirit *cheer* me in the *morning*. Let me not *grieve* like thoſe that goe into the pit, nor let my *mourning* be like theirs that have no hope. Let not the vain comforts of the world pleaſe me, nor the dead pleaſures of the earth rejoyce me. Make

me

me a willing Prisoner to my *grief*, until thou please to shew thy self the God of consolation. Sanctifie my *sorrows* to me, and direct my *mourning* to the right object. Open the floud-gates of mine eyes, that I may *weep* bitterly for my *offences*. Dissolve my head into a tide of *tears*, that thou maist wash away the *filth* of my *corruptions*. Let nothing stop the current but the assurance of thy love; and let my furrowed cheeks be dried in the Sun-shine of thy *favour*. Accept, O God, of this wet sacrifice of *tears*, and let my groaning be a *peace-offering* for my trespasses. Look at thy right hand, & for his sake that sits there, grant these my petitions, firmly grounded on thy promise and his merits; that my *sad soul* being relieved by thy mercy may receive endlesse *comfort*, and thy Name *eternall Glory*.

S. Greg.

To consider what dolours deserve to be made the punishment of disobedience, will much abate those sorrows that we have for any affliction.

S. Paul.

For these light afflictions which are but for a moment, work for us a more exceeding and eternal weight of glory.

The

The Serpents Subtility.

WHat *miserable* dignity belongs unto the *honourable* name of *man!* What *sad* Prerogatives pertain to that *unhappy* Generation of *Mankind!* Alas, what is man but a polluted lump of *living clay*, a little heap of self-corrupted *earth?* created to *happinesse*, born to *sorrow*. And what is *Mankind*, but a transitory succession of *misery*, on whom *Mortality* is generally entaild from Generation to Generation? Each particular man is the short and sad story of *Mankind*, written by his own dear experience, in a more favourable stile, wherein every one is naturally inclined to spare himself, and hide his nakednesse among the *shades*, where being lost, he seeks himself *unfound*, or finds himself *unknown*, or knows himself most miserable. The Devil appeared not as a *Lion*; strength could not constrain an *upright* soul. He appeared not as a *Dragon*; fear could not compell a *dauntlesse* Spirit. But he appeared a *Serpent*, to insinuate and creep into the bosome of his soft affections. How often is this story acted by me the *miserablest* of *Adams* sons? Behold how the forbidden *Tree* of *vain delights* stands laden with her pleasant *fruits*. See how the *Serpent* twists and winds, and tempts the *weaker vessel* of my *body*, which having yielded, tasts, and tempts my *better part*. Which done, what *nakednesse*, what

His Defeat.

what shame presents before my guilty eyes? What slight excuses, (patcht like leaves together) I frame to hide my nakedness, my shame? And when the *voyce* of my crying *conscience* calls me in the *cool* of my lust, O how I start, and tremble, and seek for *covert* among the Trees? where being found at last & question'd, my soul accuses the *infirmity* of my body, my body accuses that *Serpentine temptation*; so that all three being partners in *sin*, are sad partakers of the *punishment*. Thus every minute, O my soul, art thou *surprized*; thus every moment doth this twisting *Serpent* tempt and *overcome* thy *frailty*; thus every minute are eternall deaths still multiplyed upon thee. What hopes hast thou in thy *collapsed* estate to overcome that *Serpent* which *Adam* in his *perfection* did not conquer?

Chear up, my soul, there is a *Champion* found shall curb this *Serpents* power, and Heaven hath spoke it,

Gen. 3. 15.

The seed of the woman shall break the Serpents head.

His

His Proofs.

Rom. 16. 20.

AND the God of peace shall bruise Satan under your feet shortly.

1 John 3. 8.

For this purpose the Son of God was manifested, that he might destroy the works of the Devil.

Rev. 17. 14.

He shall make war with the Lambe, and the Lambe shall overcome him.

Ephes. 6. 16.

Above all things take the shield of Faith, wherewith ye shall be able to quench the fiery darts of Satan.

Chrysost. super Matth.

He forced him not; he touched him not; only said, Cast thy self down: *that we may know, whosoever obeyeth the Devill, casteth himself down: for the Devill may suggest, compell he cannot.*

Bern. in Serm.

It is the Devils part to suggest; Ours, not to consent. As oft as we resist him, so oft we overcome him; so often as we overcome him, so often we bring joy to the Angels, and glory to God, who proposeth us, that we may contend; and assisteth us, that we may conquer.

His

His Soliloquie.

MAn by the power of the transcendent *Good*, was created *good*, with a power to continue *good*. Man through disobedience lost this power, and that arbitrary *goodnesse* is turned to necessary *evill*. The whole *Mass* is *corrupted*, and lies in the same condition it made itself: but *God* out of an unsearchable love to his *Creature*, out of his infinite wisdom (not violating his Justice) found a way to exercise his *mercy*, drawing what handfulls he pleased (not for the dignity of the matter) out of this *lump*, the rest he left to it self. As it had been no *injustice* in God to leave the whole in the perdition it had cast it self, so it was an inscrutable *mercy* to draw out some part out of that self-made *perdition*. This *Redemption*, O my soul, was a *Legacy* given at the death of thy *Redeemer*; and thy business is to search the *Will*, and in it thy *interest*. But where is that *Will*? Search the *Scriptures*. But how shall it *appear* by searching? By the fruit thou shalt know the Tree. Examine thy heart. Dost thou find there a *love* to God for his *own sake*, and a *love* to thy Neighbour for *Gods sake*, and to both for *obedience sake*? Go thy ways, thou art in the *Will*; and the *seed* of the woman hath broke the Serpents *head*.

His

His Prayer.

O God, that didſt create mankind for the *glory* of thy holy Name, and redeemedſt Man being loſt with the blood of thy only Son, and haſt preſerved him by thy free mercy and continuall providence; I a poor ſonne of miſerable *Adam*, doe here acknowledge my ſelf unworthy of the leaſt of all thy mercies. Lord, what am I that thou ſhouldſt look upon me? and what is the ſonne of thy handmaid, that thou ſhouldſt think upon him? I know the beſt of all my actions are unclean, and theſe my very prayers are abomination in thy ſight: My thoughts, my words, nay the whole courſe of my life is *ſinne*, and there is nothing in me which deſerves not *death*. Yet Lord, even for the altars ſake on which I offer up this ſinfull ſacrifice, loath not the Prayers of my polluted lips, nor ſtop thy eares againſt my ſad complaints. Lord, I am as vile as *ſinne* can make me, and deſerve what curſe thy *wrath* can lay upon me; I brought *corruption* from the wombe, and ſuckt *Rebellion* from the very breaſt; My life is nothing but a *Trade* of ſinne, wherein I hourely heap unto my ſelf wrath againſt the day of wrath: inſomuch that were thou not more mercifull to me then I am or can be to my ſelf, I had been now roaring under thy *juſtice*, that am here begging for thy *mercy*. Lord, I am nothing but *infirmity*, and daily wallow in my own *corruptions*. The *old Serpent*

Serpent continually *beſieges* me, and the feebleneſſe of my *old man* cannot *reſiſt* him. Ariſe O God, and cruſh thy enemy and mine, whoſe fury through my confuſion aims at thy diſhonour. Let the *ſeed of the woman* quicken in my ſoul, and ſtrengthen my weakneſs to encounter with temptation. Let it, O let it *break the Serpents head*, that I may conquer for the time to come: and give thou me a broken heart, that I may grieve for the time paſt: give me water from the ſpring of life, that it may quench the fiery darts of death. Strengthen the *new man* in me, and let the power of the *old man* languiſh daily; that being confident in thy promiſe, I may be ſenſible of thy *performance*; and being freed by thy *power*, I may be filled with thy *praiſe*, and glorifie thy Name for ever and ever.

S. Gregory.

Holy Job was more Satans torture, then Satan was the others tempter.

S. Ambroſ.

It is neceſſary that the perverſe ſinner, whom the longanimity of the patience of God could not mend, ſhould be tormented with eternall puniſhment.

The

The Sinners Poverty.

WHerein doth this my *naturall State* excell a beast? In what one thing? Am I not worse? Their outward senses are more *perfect*; my inward senses are *lesse pure*. Their *naturall Instinct* desires good, and chuses it; but my *perverted Will* sees good, and yet declines it. They eat being satisfied with *moderation*: perchance I *want*, or *surfeit*. They sleep secure from *fears* and *cares*, when I am kept awake with both. They cry to Heaven and are fed by *providence*; I trusting to my self, want through my *Improvidence*. The worthlesse *Sparrows* are lodg'd in their downy feathers; the silly *Sheep* reposed in their warm fleeces: but I have nothing to cover my *nakednesse*, nothing to hide my *shame*. Naked I was born into the world, and have nothing in the world which I may call my own; or if I have, it is lost with the desire of having. I look into my *soul*, and can find nothing there but the *absence* of what I had, or the *defect* of what I want. I pry into my *Understanding*, and there I find nothing but *darknesse*: I search into my *Will*, and there I find nothing but *perversenesse*: I examine my *affections*, and there I find nothing but *disorder*: I view my *disposition*, and there I find nothing but *distemper*. What I had I have not, and what I want

His Relief.

want I cannot gaine. If I have obtained any thing that is *good*, I quickly looſe it, for want of *knowledge* how to prize it. If I find any *good* which I had *loſt*, I keep it not, for want of *wiſdome* how to *uſe* it. When I call my *conſcience* to account, mine own ſoul is brib'd againſt me; and when I call my courſe of *life* to queſtion, my frailties flatter me. If the ſenſe of miſery ſhould force me to my forgotten prayers, I faulter, and my *diſtraction* denies me *utterance*; or if my hopfull thoughts permit my formall lips to recommend my griefs to heaven, my *guilt* deſpairs of *entrance*; or if a flaſh of *zeal* ſhould wing my prayers, and dart them up into the Almighties eares, my unrepented *ſinnes* forbids them *audience*. Heavens *gates* are lockt againſt me, and the *keyes* are loſt by my neglect. My *ſighs* want ſtrength to ſhoot the lock, nor can my ſtronger *groans* enforce the portalls open.

Chear up, my ſoul, the keyes are in a faithfull hand, nor is the keeper far: Call him and thou ſhalt hear him ſay,

Luke 11. 9.

Aſk, and thou ſhalt have; ſeek, and thou ſhalt find; knock, and it ſhall be opened to thee.

His

His Proofs.

Mat. 7. 11.

If you, being evil, know how to give good things unto your children, how much more shall your Father which is in heaven give good things unto them that ask him?

John 11. 22.

But I know that even now whatsoever thou wilt aske of God, God will give it unto thee.

Matth. 21. 22.

All things whatsoever ye shall aske by prayer believing ye shall receive.

James 1. 5.

If any of you lack wisdome, let him ask it of God that giveth to all men liberally, and upbraideth not, and it shall be given him.

S. Bernard.

It is easier that heaven and earth should passe, then if thou seek God, not to find him, or then if thou ask, not to receive, or if thou knock, not to be opened unto.

Chryſ. hom. 5. in epiſt. ad Rom.

In having nothing I have all things, because I have Chriſt: having therefore all things in him, I ſeek no other reward, for he is the univerſall reward.

His

His Soliloquie.

CAnst thou, O my soul, wonder at thy wants, when thou wanteſt *Him* that is the only *ſupplyer* of all *wants*? The *beaſt* performs his duty, and (made for thy ſervice) *ſerves* thee; and wanting food, in his own language craves it, and obtains it. The *Fowls* of the aire (being pinched with hunger) carol forth their ſweet *Hoſannaes*, and are filled, and then return muſicall *hallelujahs*. Canſt thou, my ſoul, expect *ſupplies* like them, and uſe leſſe means then they? Come, thou art worth many *ſparrows* (were not five ſold for a farthing?) The blood of Jeſus is thy *price*, and for his ſake all things are thine. Shall *beaſts* for their own ſakes be *ſupplyed*, and ſhalt thou in the *Name* of Jeſus be *denied*? Can a *Mother* pity the trickling tears of an unfed Infant, and can the God of *mercies* be obdure to thee? Art thou commanded to *aſk*, *ſeek*, and *knock* in vain? I, but my tongue is ſlow. Was not *Moſes* the man of God ſo? When I *ſeek*, my *luſt* diverts me, and I am loſt. Is not the great Shepherd come to reduce his loſt ſheep? But alas, I *knock* at the *wrong* door. Fear not when thou knock'ſt with a right heart. He that is every where will be *found*; He that made the eare will *hear thee*.

His

His Prayer.

O God that art the perfection of all good, and the giver of all good things, that better knoweſt what to give then I to ask, and withholdeſt no good thing from him that ſeeks thee with an upright heart; I a poor ſuiter at thy Throne of Grace, being truely ſenſible of mine own defects, and timorouſly conſcious of my evil deſerts, do here even caſt my ſelf on thy gracious providence. And ſince, O Lord, thou haſt commanded me to ask of thee the things I *want*, bow down thine eare, and hear the Prayers which a poor ſinner, emboldned by thy promiſe, preſents before thee; by whoſe free favour I have received whatſoever I have obtained, and by my own folly loſt whatſoever I had received. Give me a clear ſight of my own *poverty*; ſhew me the poverty of mine own *relief*; that ſo I may forſake the broken reed of my own *power*, and ſtrengthen my weakneſs in the comfort of thy *promiſe*. Lord, thou haſt commanded me to *ask*, but my ſinnes cry louder then my ſuites; Thou haſt commanded me to *ſeek*, but mine own guilt leads me the wrong way; Thou haſt commanded me to *knock*, but Satan holds my hands. Lord, let the blood of my bleſſed Saviour ſtop the mouth of my crying *ſinnes*; let his full ſatisfaction take away my guilt. Bind him in chains that captivates my *power*: Teach me to ask that haſt commanded me to

ask; Thou that haſt commanded me to *ſeek*, direct me, and let my *knocking* be guided by thy hand. Give me knowledge, that I may ask what I ſhould; grant me prudence, that I may *ſeek* where I ſhould; give me providence, that I may *knock* when I ſhould. Let not my faintneſſe in *asking* teach thee to deny: Let not my fooliſhneſſe in *ſeeking* tempt me to deſiſt: Let not my unſeaſonableneſſe in *knocking* ſtrike me with deſpair. Give me a fervent Faith, that I may ask with confidence: a conſtant hope, that I may *ſeek* with courage: an unwearied patience, that I may *knock* with conſtancie. Let me *ask* like the importunate woman, till I obtain thee: Let me *ſeek* like thy bleſſed Mother, till I find thee: Let me *knock* like the ſinfull Publican, till thou open to me: that having *found* thee here by grace, in the company of Saints, I may live with thee in glory, with the Society of Angels.

S. Aug.

An evill Conſcience cannot hope.

Idem.

No praiſes heal an ill Conſcience, nor do any raillerie wound a good one.

Anonym.

How can they want who have him that has all things?

The

The Faithfull mans Fear.

DO *this and live*: Some comfort yet remaines: though life be not absolutely granted, yet death is but conditionally threatned. *Do this and live*: But what is the *work* that may deserve such *wages?* Give perfect *obedience* to thy God, and perfect *love* to thy Neighbour. But will not the utmost of my *power* do? Will not the best of my *endeavour* serve? No, he that's perfect made thee perfect, and requires a *perfection*. Alas, if life depends upon such terms, what flesh can live? Thy unability for the *work* prophesies the impossibility of the *reward*. My soul, thou art become a legall debter, and the utmost *farthing* is expected. Thou canst neither pay thy *debt*, nor hide thee from thy Creditour. What wilt thou doe? Wilt thou plead *immunity*? Thy own hand will condemn thee. Wilt thou plead *payment*? Thy own *poverty* will implead thee. Wilt thou plead *Mercy*? Thy own *rebellion* will dismay thee. My soul, what *security* wilt thou put in? or to what *Sanctuary* wilt thou flie? O flatter not thy self, and put not the *evill day* from thee. Thou hast not only *not done what thou shouldest, but thou hast done what thou shouldest not*. Thou hast sinned against thy *Creation*, by disobeying thy Creatour: Thou hast sinned against thy *Redemption*, by crucifying thy Redeemer: Thou hast

His Crown.

sinned against thy *Sanctification*, by quenching of the Spirit: Thou hast sinned against Gods *judgments*, by thy presumption: Thou hast sinned against his *mercies*, by thy despair: Thou hast sinned against thy *conscience*, by thy rebellion: Thou hast sinned against *Providence*, by thy distrust. Every day brings in an *Inventory* of thy *sinnes*, and every sin brings in a *Faggot* to thy *execution*. O my soul, behold the *misery* of thy estate, and tremble: Behold the *Mercies* of thy God, and wonder. Tremble, for he is a God to punish thine *iniquities*: Wonder, for he is become a man to bear thy *Iniquities*. Tremble, for thou art not able to doe his *Commands*: Wonder, for he is willing to accept what thou canst doe. Will not the frailty of thy flesh permit thee to doe? let the faithfulnesse of thy heart encline thee to desire. *Do* what thou canst, and *believe* what thou canst not.

Chear up my sad soul, for he that hath considered the frailty of thy hands, hath freely accepted the faithfulnesse of thy heart; who saith,

Rev. 2. 10.

Be thou faithfull unto death, and I will give thee the Crown of life.

His

His Proofs.

Matth. 25. 21.

WEll done, good and faithfull ſervant; thou haſt been faithfull over a few things, I will make thee Ruler over many things: Enter into the joy of thy Lord.

Gal. 3. 9. *So then, they that be of faith, are bleſſed with faithfull* Abraham.

2 Tim. 4. 8.

Henceforth there is laid up for me a Crown of Righteouſneſſe, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, ſhall give me at that day.

James 1. 12.

Bleſſed is the man that endureth temptation: for when he is tryed he ſhall receive the Crown of life, which the Lord hath promiſed to them that love him.

Bernard.

O only ſafe fight, which for and with Chriſt is undertaken! in which the Chriſtian Souldier neither wounded, nor overthrown, nor trodden under foot, no nor ſlain, can loſe the victory, if he manfully ſtand to it, and do not betake himſelf to a ſhamefull flight.

Aug. in Senten.

Whatſoever rageth againſt the Name of Chriſt is tolerable if it may be overcome; and if it cannot, it haſteneth the receiving of our glorious reward: for the faithfull man in the end of his temporall evils, paſſeth into the fruition of his eternall good.

His Soliloquie.

STand not, O my soul, upon the *legges* of a sinner, but flie into the *arms* of thy Saviour; and what thou canst not purchase by thy endeavour, endeavour to believe. Acknowledge thou thy *debt*, and thy Jesus will justifie thy payment. Trust not in thy self, lest thou be deceived by thy self. Dost thou, O my soul, desire faith? *Renounce* thy self. Wouldest thou preserve thy faith? Condemn thy self. Thy way to faith is *from* thy self. Is thy soul darke? Faith *enlightens* it: Is the gate of Heaven shut? Faith unlocks it: Is the way *dangerous*? Faith *secures* it: Is thy heart timorous? Faith emboldens it: Is death terrible? Faith conquers it: Is the Crown of life difficult? Faith obtains it. *Be thou faithfull unto death*, and I will give thee the *Crown of life*. Fear not thy weaknesse, O my soul; it shall not be to thee according to thy works, but faith. If thy good works cannot save thee before faith, then evill works cannot damn thee after *Repentance*. As he that crowns thy good works, crowns his own *gifts*; so he that pardons thy evil works, magnifies his own *mercy*. Cast Anchor here, my soul, and if the waves of thy *corruptions* overwhelm thee, pump them out by true *Repentance*.

His

His Prayer.

MOst glorious God, in reſpect of whom the very Angels are impure, before whom the Cherubims do veile their bluſhing faces; I the wretched off-ſpring of preſumptuous fleſh and blood fall down before the footſtool of thy gracious preſence, and humbly preſent thee with my ſinfull prayers. If thou ſhouldſt weigh my actions with thy righteous ballance, or try me with the touchſtone of thy ſacred Laws, the vialls of thy wrath would pour upon me, and thy juſtice would be magnified in my confuſion. But, Lord, thou delighteſt not in the death of a ſinner, nor takeſt pleaſure in the deſtruction of thy creature. Lord, thy Commandments are moſt juſt, and my performance is moſt imperfect; the beſt of all my words deſerve not the leaſt of all thy mercies; and the pureſt of all my actions, nay my very prayers, are ſin. I have ſinned againſt my Creation, and yet, Lord, thou haſt redeemed me: I have ſinned againſt my Redemption, and yet, O God, thou haſt in ſome meaſure ſanctified me: I have ſinned againſt my ſanctification, and yet, O God, thou haſt not forſaken me: I have ſinned againſt the continuance of thy Mercies, yet haſt thou not confounded me. The whole practice of my life is nothing but Rebellion, and the imaginations of my heart are evill and that continually: wherefore I wholly renounce my ſelf, O God, and

utterly disclaim the works of mine own hands. In thy goodnesse, O Lord, I build my confidence, and in thy mercy I seek for refuge. Grant me the power to do what thou commandest, and then command me what thou pleasest. Crucifie the flesh within me, and deliver my soul from the spirit of bondage. Free me, O Lord, from the oldnesse of the letter, that I may serve thee hereafter in the newnesse of the spirit. Let the Rebellions of old *Adam* be lost in thy Remembrance, and let the obedience of the new *Adam* be ever in thy sight. Purge from my heart the dregs of unbelief, and kindle in my soul the fire of devotion. Quicken my soul with a lively faith. Lord, I believe; Lord, help my unbelief: that so being faithfull to the death, according to thy command, I may receive the Crown of life, according to thy promise.

Sen.

The greatest safety is to fear nothing but God. Nothing should startle a wise courage but the close remembrance of an evil life.

2 Tim. 1.12.

I know whom I have believed, and I am perswaded that he is able to keep that which I have committed unto him against that day.

The

The Fearfull mans Conflict.

HOw potent are the infirmities of flesh & bloud! How weak is *Natures* strength! How strong her weakneſſe! How is my easie faith abus'd by my deceitfull ſenſe! How is my *Underſtanding* blinded with deluding *Errour!* How is my *Will* perverted with apparent *good*! If reall good preſent it ſelf, how purblind is mine *eye* to view it! if view'd, how dull is my *Underſtanding* to apprehend it! if apprehended, how heartleſſe is my *judgment* to allow it! if allowed, how unwilling is my *Will* to chuſe it! if choſen, how fickle are my *reſolutions* to retain it! No ſooner are my reſolutions fix'd upon a courſe of *Grace*, but nature checks at my *Reſolves*; no ſooner checkt, but ſtraight my *Will* repents her *choice*, my *Judgment* recalls her *ſentence*, my *Underſtanding* miſtruſts her *light*; and then my *Senſe* calls Fleſh and Blood to counſell, which wants no *arguments* to break me off. The difficultie of the *Journey* daunts me; the ſtreightneſſe of the *Gate* diſmays me; the doubt of the *Reward* diverts me: the *loſſe* of worldly pleaſure here deterrs me; the *loſſe* of earthly honour there diſſwades me: here the ſtrictneſſe of *Religion* damps me, there the worlds *contempt* diſheartens me; here the fear of my *preferment* diſcourages me. Thus is my yielding ſenſe aſſaulted with my conquering *doubts*.

His Prize.

Thus are my militant *hopes* made captive to my prevailing *feares*: whence it haply ransom'd by some good *motion*, the Devill presents me with a bead-roll of my *Offences*, the flesh suggests the necessity of my sinne, the World objects the foulnesse of my shame; where, if I plead the mercy and goodnesse of my God, the *abuse* of his mercy weakens my truth, the *slighting* of his goodnesse hardens my heart against my hopes. With what an *host* of enemies art thou besieged, my soul! How, how art thou beleaguer'd with continuall fears! How doth the guilt of thy *unworthinesse* cry down the hopes of all compassion! Thy confidence of mercy is conquered by the consciousnesse of thy own demerits; and thou art taken prisoner, and bound in the horrid chains of sad despair.

But chear up, my soul, and turn thy fears to wonder and thanksgiving; trust in him that saith,

Luke 12. 32.

Fear not, little flock, for it is your fathers good pleasure to give you a Kingdome.

His

His Proofs.

Col. 1. 13.

HE hath delivered us from the power of darkneſſe, and tranſlated us into the Kingdome of his dear Son.

Acts 14. 22.

Exhort them to continue in the faith, and that we muſt through many tribulations enter into the Kingdome of God.

James 2. 5.

Hath not God choſen the poor of this world, that they ſhould be rich in faith, and heirs of the Kingdome which he promiſed to them that love him?

Luke 22. 29.

I appoint you a Kingdome, as my Father appointed me.

Auguſt.

Though we labour in a boiſterous Sea, yet thou Lord art our Pilot, and ſteereſt our courſe between Scylla and Charybdis; ſo that, both dangers eſcaped, we ſhall at length arrive at our Port ſecure.

Macar.

Let us ſuffer with thoſe that ſuffer, and be crucified with thoſe that are crucified; that we may be glorified with thoſe that are glorified.

Hieron.

Miſerable is his felicity, who was never thought worthy to wreſtle with miſeries, by which contention honour is obtained.

His

His Soliloquie.

HAst thou crucified the Lord of *Glory*, O my ſoul, and haſt thou ſo much boldneſſe to expect his *Kingdome*? Conſult with *Reaſon*, and review thy *Merits*; which done, behold that *Jeſus* whom thou crucifiedſt even making *Intercеſſion* for thee, and offering thee a *Crown* of Glory. Behold the *greatneſſe* of thy Creatour veil'd with the *goodneſſe* of thy Redeemer; the juſtice of a firſt perſon qualified by the mercy of a ſecond; the purity of the *Divine* nature uniting it ſelf with the *humane* in one *Emanuel*; a perfect *Man* to ſuffer, a perfect *God* to pardon; and both God and Man in one *perſon*, at the ſame inſtant able and willing to give and take a perfect *ſatisfaction* for thee. O my ſoul, a wonder above wonders! an *incomprehenſibility* above all admiration! a depth paſt finding out! Under this ſhaddow, O my ſoul, refreſh thy ſelf. If thy ſinnes fear the hand of juſtice, behold thy ſanctuary; if thy offences tremble before the Judge, behold thy *Advocate*; if thy creditour threaten a priſon, behold thy bail. Behold the *Lambe* of God that hath taken thy ſinnes from thee: Behold the *bleſſed* of Heaven and Earth that hath prepared a Kingdom for thee. Be raviſh'd, O my ſoul: O bleſſe the name of *Elohim*; O bleſſe the name of our *Emanuel*, with praiſes and eternall Hallelujahs.

His

His Prayer.

GReat Shepheard of my ſoul, whoſe life was not too dear to reſcue me the meaneſt of thy little flock; caſt down thy gracious eye upon the weakneſſe of my nature, and behold it in the ſtrength of thy compaſſion. Open mine eyes, that I may ſee that object which fleſh cannot behold: Enlighten my underſtanding, that I may clearly diſcern that Truth which my ignorance cannot apprehend: Rectifie my judgement, that I may confidently reſolve thoſe doubts which my underſtanding cannot determine: Sanctifie my will, that I may wiſely chuſe that good which my deceived heart cannot deſire: Fortifie my reſolution, that I may conſtantly embrace that choice which my inconſtancy cannot hold: Weaken the ſtrength of my corrupted nature, that I may ſtruggle with my luſts, and ſtrive againſt the baſe rebellions of my fleſh: Strengthen the weakneſſe of my dejected ſpirit, that I may conquer my ſelf, and ſtill withſtand the aſſaults of mine own corruption: Moderate my delight in the things of this World, and keep my deſires within the limits of thy will. Let the point of my thoughts be directed to thee, and let my hopes reſt in the aſſurance of thy favour. Let not the fear of worldly loſſe diſmay me, nor let the loſſe of the worlds favour daunt me. Let my joy in thee exceed all worldly grief, and let the love of thee expell all carnall fear. Let the multitudes

multitudes of my offences be hid in the multitude of thy compaſſions; and let the reproachfulneſſe of that death which thy Son ſuffered for my ſake, enable me to ſuffer all reproach for his ſake. Let not my ſin againſt thy mercies, remove thy mercies from my ſin; and let the neceſſity of my offences be ſwallowed up in the al-ſufficiency of his merits. Let not the foulneſſe of my tranſgreſſions lead me to diſtruſt; nor let the diſtruſt of thy pardon leave me in deſpair. Fix in my heart a filiall love, that I may love thee as a Father; and remove all ſervile fear from me, that thou mayeſt behold me as a ſon. Be thou my all in all, and let me fear nothing but to diſpleaſe thee; that being freed from the fear of thy wrath, I may live in the comfort of thy promiſe, die in the fulneſſe of thy favour, and riſe to the inheritance of an everlaſting Kingdome.

Caſſian.

Humane fear breedeth diſtruſt; but the divine does great advantages to our hope.

S. Greg.

No kind of death is to be feared by him that has lived well.

The

The Plague affrighted mans Danger.

HOw is the *language* of death heard in every ſtreet, which by continuall *Paſſing-bels* proclaims mortality in every ear! How many at this inſtant lie groaning in their ſick beds, and mark'd for death, whilſt others that lived yeſterday are now laid out for evening buriall! How many that are now ſtrong and healthfull, and laying up for many years, are deſtined for the enlargement of the next weeks Bill! How many are now preparing to ſecure their lives by flight, who whileſt they run from *tyranny* of their feares, flie into the very boſome of danger! What *aire?* what *diet?* what *antidote* can promiſe ſafety? What ſhield can guard the angry Angels blow? What Rhetorick can perſwade the heaven-commanded Meſſenger to ſtack the fury of his reſolute arm? It is an *arrow* that flies by day; yet who can ſee it? It is a *terrour* that ſtrikes by night; and who can eſcape it? It is the Peſtilence that walketh in darkneſſe; and who can ſhun it? The ſtrength of youth is no priviledge againſt it; the ſoundneſs of a *conſtitution* is no exemption from it; the ſovereignty of *drugs* cannot reſiſt it: Where it liſts, it wounds; and whom it wounds, it kills. It is Gods Artillery, and like himſelf reſpects no perſons. The rich mans *offers* cannot bribe it: The skilfull *artiſt* cannot preſcribe

ſcribe againſt it; the black *Magician* cannot charm it. My ſoul, into what a calamity art thou plung'd? with what an *enemy* art thou beleaguered? What oppoſition canſt thou make? what *Auxiliaries* canſt thou call in? How many ſad *copies* of thy deſtruction are dayly ſet before thee? How continually is thy death acted by others to thee? What comfort haſt thou in that life, which every minute threatens? What pleaſure tak'ſt thou in that breath, which draws and whiffs perpetuall feares? What art thou other but a man condemn'd, expecting execution? And how is the bitterneſſe of thy death multiplied by the quality of thy feares? Were it a ſickneſſe whoſe diſtraction took not away the means of preparation, it were an eaſie *calamity*; were it a ſickneſſe whoſe contagion diſſolv'd not the comfortable bands of ſweet ſociety, it were but half a miſery: But as it is ſudden, ſolitary, incurable, what ſo terrible? what ſo comfortleſſe?

Sink not beneath thy fears, my ſoul: Thy deliverance is Gods *royalty* and under his wings is thy ſalvation; in the midſt of danger no danger ſhall befall thee,

Pſal. 91. 10.

Neither ſhall the Plague come nigh thy dwelling.

His Proofs.

Psal. 91. 1, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7.

Whoso dwelleth in the secret of the most High, shall abide in the shadow of the Almighty. Surely he will deliver thee from the snare of the hunter, and from the noisome Pestilence. He will cover thee under his wings, and thou shalt be sure under his feathers: his truth shall be thy shield and thy buckler. Thou shalt not be afraid of the Arrow that flieth by day, nor of the Plague that destroyeth at noon-day. A thousand shall fall at thy side, and ten thousand at thy right hand; but it shall not come neare thee.

Gisten. in cap. 2. Cant. Expos.

O happy sickness, where the infirmity is not to death but to life, that God may be glorified by it! O happy Fever, that proceedeth not from a consuming, but a calcining fire! O happy distemper, wherein the soul relisheth no earthly things, but onely savoureth divine nourishment!

Greg. in Pastoral.

O wisdome, with how sweet an Art doth thy Wine and Oyle restore health to my healthlesse soule! How powerfully mercifull, how mercifully powerfull art thou! powerfull for me, mercifull to me.

His

His Soliloquie.

AND can the noyſe of death, O my ſoul, ſo fright thee in the ſtreet, and the *cauſe* of death not move thee in thy boſome? Shall *paſſing-bels* tolling for dying men afflict thee, & not the Judgments of the living God affright thee? Shall the weekly *Bills* of a ſilly Pariſh-clark more move thee, then the ſacred *Oracles* of a holy Miniſter? Shall the *Plague* inflicted upon others more ſtartle thee, then many plagues denounced upon thy ſelf? Be wiſe, my ſoul, avoid the *Cauſe*, and thou ſhalt prevent the effect; be afraid of *ſin*, and thou needeſt not fear the puniſhment. Feareſt thou the infection? Flie from it: but whither? Under the wings of the Almighty. But thy ſinnes deny protection there: then naile them to thy Saviours *Croſſe*. Feareſt thou yet? O my ſoul, haſt thou ſo long, haſt thou long ſubſiſted under thine own *protection*, and dareſt thou not venture under his? Can there be a Sanctuary more ſecure? a protection more ſafe? Feareſt thou death under the wings of life? or danger under the *ſhaddow* of the Almighty? But the ſuddenneſs of that death denies preparation: His wings continually prepare thee. It baniſhes all my friends, and in them my comfort. When thou haſt God to thy friend, what comfort canſt thou want that may be found by Prayer?

His

His Prayer.

LOrd, in whose hands are the keyes of life and death, in whom I live, move, and have my being, graciously incline thy tender eare, and mercifully heare the supplications of thy servant who hath no hope but in thy goodness, and no comfort but in thy promises. My hainous sins, O God, have provoked thy heavy indignation, and I am humbly sensible of thy sore displeasure. Thy judgments are come abroad amongst us, and the vials of thy consuming wrath are poured out upon us. The sins of our Nation have cryed to thee for vengeance, and thou hast visited us with great mortality. Thy people are poured out like water, and our land is become a land of mourning. Turn us, O Lord, that we may be turned, and magnifie thy mercy in our deliverance. Accept the sorrow and contrition of thy servants, and say unto thy Angel, It is enough. Be thou my refuge, and my fortresse, O God; and give me confidence to repose under the shaddow of the Almighty. Cover me, O Lord, with the feathers of thy wings, and let thy truth be my buckler and my shield. Defend me from the Pestilence that walketh in darkness: Deliver me from destruction that wasteth at noon-day. Give thy Angels charge over me, to protect and guide me in all thy ways. Prepare me, O Lord, against the houre of death, and strengthen my soul in the assurance of thy Mercy. Humble my heart

heart with the true ſenſe of my tranſgreſſions, and work in my ſoul an unfeigned Repentance. Enlarge mine eyes that I may weep day and night, for grieving and offending ſo gracious a Father. Wean me from the truſt of all tranſitory things, and let the worlds vanity daily die in me. Take from me the immoderate fear of death, and train me, O God, for the day of my diſſolution. Inſtruct and rectifie my vain deſires, that all my wiſhes may ſtand with thy will. In life be thou my Governour, in death be thou my comfort; that living or dying I may be thine. Teach me by thy judgments to hate ſinne, and let thy mercies breed in me a filiall love. Be gracious to thoſe whom thou haſt mark'd for death, and ſeale in their hearts the aſſurance of thy favour; that being members of one body, we may rejoyce in one head; that having numbred our dayes in wiſdom, we may be numbred with thy Saints in glory everlaſting.

S. Aug.

That muſt not be thought an evill death which follows a holy life. For nothing makes an evill death, but that which comes after death.

1 Cor. 15. 55.

O death, where is thy ſting? O grave, where is thy victory?

The

The Perſecuted mans Miſery.

Re theſe the *gains* of godlineſs? Are theſe the wages of a holy life? Hath the ungratefull world no other thanks for him that honours his *Creatour*, but *ſcorn*, *contempt* and *perſecution*? Whileſt I priz'd the World, I wanted nothing that the World calls *good*: neglected honour followed me; unſought for pleaſure coveted me; unpurchaſed *fortunes* fell upon me: I could not wiſh that happineſs I had not; I could not want the happineſs earth had. Nothing was too *dear*; nothing was too *pretious*. Thus whil'ſt I priz'd the *World*, the World priz'd me. If I were ſad, her mirthfull ſmiles would chear me; if ſick, her mournfull ſons would *viſit* me; if wearie, her wanton *lap* would dandle me, where rock'd into a *ſlumber*, I dream'd, all this was but a *dream*, and waking found it ſo. Not willing to be fed with *ſhadows*, I changed my thoughts, and my affections altered; and finding earth too *ſtrait* for my deſires, I caſt mine eye to Heaven, and after many conflicts betwixt my *members* and my *minde*, even there I fixed. The jealous earth grew angry, frowned and called me fool, withdrew her *honours*, withheld her *pleaſures*, recalled her *favours*, and now I live deſpiſed, contemned and poor. O ſad condition of mankind! How plauſible are his ways to death! and how unpleaſant

are

His Reward.

are his paths to *life!* No sooner had I made a *Covenant with my God*, but the world made a Covenant against me, scandall'd my *name*, slandered my *actions*, derided my *simplicity*, despised my *integrity*: for my *Professions* sake I have been reproached, and the *Reproaches* of the World have fallen upon me. If I chastned my soul with *fasting*, it stil'd me with the name of *Hypocrite*; if I reprove the *vanity* of the times, it derides me with the stile of *Puritane*. I am become a *stranger* to my brethren, and an *Alien* to my mothers son. I go mourning all the day long, and my bosome-friends are estranged from me. They afflict my body with open *punishment*, and make a pastime of my affliction. They that sit in the Gate speak evill of me, and Drunkards make their Songs against me.

But be thou not dismaid, my soul, nor let the arme of flesh discourage thee. Thy *Persecutions* here are nothing but the prophecies of a *Paradise* hereafter. He that is born of the flesh, inherits the *Pleasures* of the World; but thou that art born of the Spirit, hear what the Spirit saith,

Mat. 5. 10.

Blessed are they that are persecuted for my names sake, for theirs is the kingdome of Heaven.

His Proofs.

Luke 6. 22.

Blessed are ye when men shall hate you, and separate themselves from you, and shall revile you, and cast out your name as evill, for the Son of mans sake.

1 Pet. 3. 14.

If ye suffer for Righteousnesse sake, happy are ye; and be not afraid of their terrour, neither be ye troubled.

Matth. 10. 22.

Ye shall be hated of all men for my sake: but he that shall endure to the end shall be saved.

Matth. 19. 29.

Every one that forsaketh lands, or brother, or sister, or father, or mother, for my sake, shall receive an hundred fold, and shall inherit eternall life.

Chrysost.

We are afflicted by God, that our reward and crown may hereby be encreased; and as much as he addeth to our tribulation, so much and more will be adde to our retribution.

Greg. Nyss. de Prov.

Our life is a warfare, and this world a place of masteries, wherein the greatest Garlands are allotted to them who sustain the greatest labours; for by the smart of our stripes is augmented the glory of our reward.

His

His Soliloquie.

HE that shall weigh the *gain* of Godliness by the *Scales* of the World, or the pleasures of the Earth by the *Ballances* of the sanctuary, shall upon a review find a bad *Market*. Thinkst thou, my soul, to be made happy by the smiles of earth? or unhappy by her frowns? When she fawns upon thee, she *deludes* thee; when she kisses thee, she *betrays* thee. She brings thee *Butter* in a Lordly dish, and bears a *hammer* in her deadly hand. Trust not her *flattery*, O my soul; nor let her *malice* move thee. Her musick is thy *Magick*; her sweetness is thy *snare*. She is the *high-way* to eternall death. If thou love her, thou hast begun thy journey; if thou honour her, thou mendst thy pace; if thou obey her, thou art at thy journeys end. When she distasts thee, *Christ* relishes in thee; when she *afflicts* thee, God *instructs* thee; when she locks her *Gates* against thee, heaven *opens* for thee; when she *disdains* thee, God *honours* thee; when she *forsakes* thee, he *owns* thee; when she *persecutes* thee, he *crowns* thee. Why art thou then disquieted my soul, and why is thy spirit troubled within thee? Trust thou in him by *Faith*: If thou want comfort, fly to him by *Prayer*.

His

His Prayer.

THou therefore, O moſt bleſſed and glorious Spirit, in whoſe eyes the ſaints are precious, who putteſt all their teares into thy Bottle, and in the midſt of all their ſorrows ſendſt comfort to thy Elect, behold my ſufferings, and regard my ſorrows. Let not thine enemies triumph and make a ſcorn of him that feares thee. Strengthen me, O God, to maintain thy Cauſe, leſt they that perſecute me think there is no God. Thou knoweſt my reproach and ſhame, and how they buffet me all the day long. Ariſe, O God, and plead thy Cauſe, and let them know that thou art God. Make me to hear the voice of joy and gladneſs, that the bones which they have broken may rejoyce. Let not the wicked have power over me, but graciouſly deliver me for the glory of thy name. Remove this bitter Cup of affliction from me: But not my will, but thine be done. Give me patience to endure till thou art pleaſed to releaſe me, and courage to bear what thy wiſdome ſhall permit. Let not the vanities of the World deceive me, nor the corruptions of my fleſh diſturb me: Let not the ſuggeſtions of Satan deter me, nor the threatnings of man divert me. Preſerve my footſteps in the wayes of thy truth, and keep me truely conſtant to the end. In all my afflictions keep me from murmuring, and let thy Grace be ſufficient for me. Seaſon my heart with the ſenſe

of thy love, and ſtrengthen my Faith in all my Trials. Give me an inward thankfulneſs, O God, that thou haſt made me worthy to ſuffer for thy name. Convert my enemies, if they belong to thee. Be mercifull to them that hate me, and do good to thoſe that perſecute me: Open their eyes, that they may ſee thy Truth; and turn their hearts, that they may fear thy Name. In all my tribulations be not thou far from me, and ſanctifie my great afflictions to me. Lord, in the multitude of thy mercies hear me, and in the truth of thy ſalvation help me; that I confeſſing thee here before the children of men with an undaunted reſolution, may be enrold in the Kingdome of Grace by thy goodneſs, and hereafter reigne in the Kingdome of Glory in thy Eternity.

S. Chryſoſt.

To ſuffer patiently is a greater gift then to raiſe the dead.

Caſſian.

They make free-will offerings to God, that in the midſt of their ſufferings give thanks.

Pſal. 119. 71.

It is good for me that I have been afflicted, that I might learn thy Statutes.

The

The Sinners Accompt.

HOw I can flatter my own *deſtruction*, and with the common ſtream of frail mortality run into the *dead Sea* of everlaſting death! How ſoundly I can ſleep in the wanton lap of treacherous Security, untill I wake diſarm'd of all my ſtrength, & turn a prey to that falſe *Philiſtine* that ſeeks my ſoul! When I call to mind the *courſe* that I have run, and ſet to view the *ſteps* that I have trod, how eaſilie can I excuſe my failings, and ſet them on the ſcore of miſerable *Adam!* But when I ſeriouſly conſider whoſe *Law* I have offended, and ſtrictly examine my actions by that Law, and juſtly proportion my *puniſhment* to thoſe actions, O then I ſtand and tremble, and am ſwallowed up with *deſpair*. O then my ſinnes appear too great for *pardon*, and my puniſhment too great for *patience*. Which way ſoever I turn, I turn to my diſquiet: Look where I will, I view my own diſcomfort. Look up, I ſee a dreadfull *God*; Look down, I ſee a direfull *Devill*: Look forwards, I ſee a *Roll* of ſins; Look backwards, I ſee a roaring *Conſcience*: Look on my right hand, I ſee my bold *Preſumption*; Look on my left hand, I ſee my baſe *deſpair*: Look within me, I ſee my own *Corruption*; Look about me, I ſee nothing but *Confuſion*. I have ſinned upon *ignorance*, ignorance will not excuſe me: I have ſinned

His Quietus est.

upon *weakneſs*, weakneſs will not plead for me: I have ſinned againſt my *conſcience*, my conſcience will accuſe me: I have ſinned againſt the *Law*, the Law condemns me. What canſt thou ſay, my ſoul, that *Sentence* of death ſhould not be given againſt thee? Can the *voice* of thy ſorrow out-cry the *language* of thy ſinne? Can the *teares* of thine eye ſcoure the *ſtains* of thy ſoul? Can the *ſighs* of a *finite* Creature ſatisfie for the *offences* againſt an *infinite* Creatour? Or art thou able to endure the puniſhments of *Eternity*? He that made thee without thee, will not ſave thee without thee; and what canſt thou do towards thy own ſalvation?

Proſtrate thy ſelf, my ſoul: Behold thy *miſery*, and bewaile thy ſelf; renounce thy ſelf, abhor thy ſelf, flie to the Horns of the *Altar*, and call for the Promiſe of mercy, in which thou maiſt find comfort.

Ezek. 18. 21.

If the wicked ſhall turn from all his ſinnes that he hath committed, and keep all my Statutes, and doe that which is lawfull and right, he ſhall ſurely live, he ſhall not die.

His

His Proofs.

Acts 3. 19.

REpent ye therefore, and be converted, that your ſinnes may be blotted out, when the times of refreſhing ſhall come from the preſence of the Lord,

2 Pet. 3. 9. *The Lord is long-ſuffering towards us, not willing that any ſhould periſh, but that all ſhould come to repentance.*

Ezek. 33. 11.

As I live ſaith the Lord, I have no pleaſure in the death of the wicked, but that the wicked turn from his way, and live. Turn ye, turn ye from your evill ways, for why will ye die, O houſe of Iſrael?

S. Aug.

Lord, though I have done that for which thou mightest juſtly damne me, yet thou canſt not loſe that whereby thou mayſt ſave me. Thou wilt not, ſweet Jeſus, ſo much remember thy juſtice againſt the ſinner, as thy benignity towards thy creature. Thou canſt forget the inſolence of the provoker, and wilt in mercy behold the miſery of the invoker; for what is Jeſus but a Saviour?

Anſelm.

My ſins plead againſt me, but my Saviour is my Advocate. It is much that my rebellions have deſerved, but it is more that my Redeemer hath merited: ſo that though my flesh hath provoked thee to vengeance, yet the flesh of Chriſt can move thee to mercy.

His Soliloquie.

AN humble *Confidence* is the Mean betwixt the two *Extreams*, Presumption and Despair: That usurps Gods *mercy* upon false grounds; this excludes it, and all means to it: The first takes away the sense of sinne, the last blocks up the way to pardon. Take heed, O my dejected soul; plunge not thy self in that sad gulph, left (wanting bottom) thou sink for ever; swim not with bladders, left thou tire. Having fastned one eye upon the uglines of thy sinne, fix the other upon the merits of a Saviour: So when thou discovereſt the disease, thy disease will discover a *remedy*. When the *fiery* Serpent hath stung thee, the *brazen* Serpent must heal thee. Nothing, O my soul, makes thy sinne too great for mercy, but despair: this only excludes *Repentance*, and impenitence alone makes thee uncapable of *Pardon*. He that hath promised forgiveneſs at thy *Repentance*, hath not promised repentance at thy pleasure. Hast therefore, O my soul, and reconcile thee to thy God to day, left it should prove too late to morrow. Turn thy hand from thy present sinne, and God will turn his eyes from thy past sinne. Cry aloud and spare not, left thy sinne cry aloud, and he spare not. Let thy *Confession* find a tongue, and his *Compassion* will find an eare.

His

His Prayer.

O God, that art in thy ſelf moſt glorious, but in thy Sonne moſt gracious; to the rebellious terrible, but to the penitent merciſull; I the work of thine own hands, but wholly diſfram'd by mine own corruptions, humbly proſtrate my ſinfull ſelf before the footſtool of thy Mercy-ſeat, totally miſerable through my ſins, but truly penitent for my offences. Lord, if thou ſhouldeſt proceed againſt me in thy juſtice, my portion would be no leſſe then eternall death. But thy delight is rather to extend thy mercy in the converſion of a ſoul, then exerciſe thy juſtice in the confuſion of a Sinner. Bow down therefore thy gracious eare to a poor wretch that ſtands trembling before the bar of thy Juſtice, and from thence preſumes to appeal to the ſeat of thy mercy. I know, O God, mine iniquities are greater then my knowledge, but yet thy mercy is greater then mine iniquities: I know moreover that thou art moſt juſt, but in ſhewing thy mercy thy juſtice will be no looſer. Lord, I am miſerable, therefore a fit object for thy mercy; Lord, I am penitent, and therefore a proper ſubject for thy pity: for I know thou art a gracious God, of long-ſufferance, and ſlow to anger, elſe had I now been roaring under thy Juſtice, that am here ſuing for thy mercy. Lord, I acknowledge my tranſgreſſions, and my ſinne is ever before me; the number of them is innumerable, and

the burthen of them is intolerable. I have sinned against a just God, I have sinned against a gracious Father; I therefore flie from thee as a sharp revenger, and to thee as a sweet Redeemer. Remember not thy justice towards a Sinner, but think upon thy benignity towards thy Creature. Have respect to what thy Son hath done for me, and forget what my sinnes have done against me. Wash my guiltinesse in his blood, and in the multitude of thy compassions behold the multitude of my transgressions. Pardon what is past, and arme me for the time to come; that being purged from my sinnes, and cleansed from my offences, I may be clothed here with the robes of grace, and crowned hereafter with a crown of glory.

Incert.

He that hath good thoughts, from him will flow good words and good actions.

Ambros.

Thinkest thou that God who gave thee Grace to repent thee of thy Sinnes, will not pardon them after thy Repentance?

The

The Sinners Thirſt.

LO, I that like the *Prodigall* had once the freedom of my Fathers *Table*, could now be ſatisfied with the *crumbs* beneath it: I that could cloth me with change of Garments from my Fathers *Wardrobe*, could now be thankfull but for *rags* to hide my nakednesſe: I that forſook him like a diſobedient ſonne, would hold it now a happineſſe to be his meaneſt *ſervant*. What ſhall I doe? or whether ſhall I goe? By whoſe charity ſhall I ſubſiſt? My *weakneſſe* will not give me leave to work; my *unworthineſſe* will not ſuffer me to appear; nor have I a friend to help me. I that have renounced my *Father*, have made my ſelf no ſonne; and being no ſonne, how dare my boldneſſe call him Father? I have offended him, and who ſhall reconcile us? I have grieved him, and who ſhall make my peace? I have forſaken him, and who ſhall reſtore me to him? Can I expect a *Bleſſing* from him I have offended? Can I preſume of *favour* from him I have ſo grieved? Can I deſerve a Birthright from him I have forſaken? O my ſoul, how, how haſt thou beſtiaved thy ſelf, and loſt that freedom without the enjoyment whereof thou art utterly loſt? Thou haſt loſt that Father that was wont to *bleſſe* thee: Thou haſt loſt that Lord that was pleaſed to

His Satisfying.

govern thee: Thou haſt renounc'd that Saviour that *redeem'd* thee; and only haſt reſerv'd a God to puniſh thee, a Judge to *ſentence* thee: Thou haſt loſt thoſe bleſſings by thy contempt, which thou canſt not regain with the price of thy *tears*: Thou haſt quencht that Spirit, whereby thou hadſt the power to quench the fiery *darts* of Satan: Thou haſt diverted the current of that *Fountain*, whoſe water ſatisfied thy full deſires. O my ſad ſoul, how! how wert thou diſtempered, that couldſt not reliſh that which nouriſhed Angels into *immortality*! Why didſt thou not inebriate thy ſelf with that delicious *ſweetneſſe*, and ark it up like *Iſraels Manna*, to remain with thee and the ſucceeding generations? O that mine eyes could teach thoſe bleſſed *ſtreames* to run, which my ungratefulneſs hath ſtopt! Or that my prayers could like *Elijahs* unlock the gates of Heaven, and bring down thoſe celeſtiall ſhowers to ſlake my thirſt, that I may drink my fill of that immortall *water!*

Take comfort, O my ſoul; thy God hath heard thy prayers, and crown'd them with this promiſe,

Rev. 21. 6.

I will give to him that is athirſt of the fountain of the water of life to drink freely.

His

His Proofs.

Matth. 5. 6.

BLeſſed are they that hunger and thirſt for Righteouſneſſe ſakes; for they ſhall be filled.

John 4. 14.

But whoſoever drinketh of this water that I ſhall give him, ſhall never be more athirſt; but the water which I ſhall give him ſhall be in him a water ſpringing up into eternall life.

John 7. 37.

If any man thirſt, let him come unto me and drink: he that believeth in me, out of his belly ſhall flow rivers of living water.

Rev. 22. 17.

Let him that is athirſt, and whoſoever will, let him take the water of life freely.

Auguſt. Soliloq. 35.

O fountain of life, and vein of living waters, when ſhall I leave this forſaken, impaſſible, and dry earth, and taſt the waters of thy ſweetneſſe, that I may behold thy virtue and thy glory, and ſlake my thirſt with the ſtreams of thy mercy? Lord, I thirſt; thou art the ſpring of life, ſatisfie me: I thirſt, Lord, I thirſt after thee the living God.

Cyril. in Joh. cap. 10.

O precious water, which quencheth the noyſome thirſt of this world, that ſcoureth all the ſtains of ſinners, that watereth the earth of our ſouls with Heavenly ſhowers, and bringeth back the thirſty heart of man to his only God!

His

His Soliloquie.

IT is leſſe danger to want, then to be *unſenſible* of thy wants. Doſt thou want, my ſoul? deſire: Doſt thou deſire? ask: Doſt thou ask? thou ſhalt receive; and what thou ſhalt receive, ſhall ſatisfie thee. Be not troubled: If thy wants caſt thee down, let thy deſires raiſe thee up. Shall thy naturall wants be confident of ſupply from thy naturall father, and ſhall thy ſpirituall defects deſpair to be repaired by thy ſpirituall father? How doſt thou injure *Providence*, O my diſtruſtfull ſoul! How doſt thou wrong the God of mercy! how ſlight the God of truth! He that hears the cry of *Ravens*, and feeds them with a gracious hand, will he be deaf to thee? He that robes the *lillies* of the field, that neither ſue nor care to be apparelled, will he deny thee thoſe graces he hath commanded thee to ask? Art thou hungry? he is the bread of life: Art thou thirſty? he is the water of life: Art thou naked? flie to him, and he will give thee the *righteouſneſſe* of his own Son. Build upon his promiſe, who is Truth it ſelf: Rely upon his *Mercy*, who is goodneſſe it ſelf. Art thou a *Prodigall*? yet remember thou art a *Son*: Is he offended? He will not forget he is a Father. Come therefore with a filiall boldneſſe, and he will grant thy hearts deſire.

His Prayer.

O God that art the wel-ſpring of all Grace, and the fountain of all Goodneſſe, whoſe promiſes are faithfull, and whoſe word is truth, who heareſt the ſighing of a contrite heart, and healeſt the ruptures of a humble ſpirit; I here invited by thy mercies and thy gracious commands, proſtrate my ſelf before thee, and preſent unto thee the ſad petitions of a penſive breaſt. I have ſinned, O Lord, I have ſinned againſt Heaven and againſt thee, and am no longer worthy to be called thy Son. I have caſt off the yoke of my obedience; I have broken the bands of thy Covenant, and caſt them far from me. I have ſinned againſt thy mercies, and ſpurn'd againſt thy judgments: Thy judgments have neither terrified, nor thy mercies mollified me. But I acknowledge my tranſgreſſions, and my ſinnes are ever before me. Remember not the frailties of my youth, O God, nor the follies of my elder dayes. Remember not how I have forgotten thee; Remember not how I have forſaken thee. Cloſe thou thine eyes at my rebellion, and open thine eares at my repentance. Be mercifull, O God, at my contrition: A broken heart, O God, thou wilt not deſpiſe. Renew me according to the abundance of thy mercies, and reſtore me to the joy of thy ſalvation. Eſtabliſh my heart in the love of thy truth, and increaſe in me a Spirituall Thirſt. Make me to underſtand

ſtand the way of thy Precepts, and let thy Teſtimonies be my whole delight. As the Hart panteth after the water-Brooks, ſo my ſoul longeth for the Wel-ſprings of Life. Lord, thou haſt promiſed to anſwer thoſe that call unto thee, to be found by thoſe that ſeek unto thee, and ſatisfie thoſe that thirſt after thee: make good thy word, O God, and hear my Prayer; make good thy promiſe, Lord, and be not far from me. I have ſought thee in thy promiſe, let me find thee in thy performance; I have thirſted for thy Grace, O fill me with thy goodneſs. Open thy Wel-ſprings that I may drink freely of the waters of life; that my ſoul being ſatisfied in the fullneſs of thy pleaſures, my mouth may be filled with the ſound of thy praiſes; that here magnifying thy Name in the kingdome of Grace, I may reign with thee hereafter in the Kingdome of Glory.

S. Ambroſ.

None can take Chriſt from thee unleſſe thou take him from thy ſelf.

Iſa. 55. 1.

He every one that thirſteth, come ye to the waters; and he that hath no money, come ye, buy and eat: yea come, buy wine and milk without money, and without price.

The

The Good mans Diſtruſt.

WHen I conſider the *All-ſufficiency* of my God, I dare not queſtion the performance of his *promiſes*; but when I behold the *inſufficiency* of my ſelf, I cannot but fear the promiſes of his *performance*. When I behold in him the goodneſs of a Father, my heart grows confident, and I cannot fear; but when I find in me the diſobedience of a *Sonne*, my ſoul grows conſcious, and I dare not hope. When I dive into the depth of my own *Miſery*, I ſearch further, and find a greater depth of his *mercy*, and am ſecure; but when I find the freeneſs of his *mercy* requited with the willfulneſs of my *Rebellion*, O then my ſoul deſpairs, and thus deſtroys the *grounds* of all my comfort. He invites my laden ſoul to come, and offers *reſt*: Alas, I come, and yet my laden ſoul can find no *eaſe*. He promiſes eternall life to my Belief; but yet he gives me not the power to believe. He bids me in his name propound my wants, with promiſe of ſupply; and yet I ſue, and ſue, and ſtill I ſue in vain. He promiſes a Comforter to ſtrengthen my Remembrance; yet ſtill my treacherous memory fails me. He promiſes to be a father to the fatherleſſe; yet ſtill my wants perſwade me that I want a father. He promiſes audience in my time of trouble; and yet I call unheard, and mourn without redreſſe. He promiſes forgiveneſs

His Satisfaction.

neſſe to the true repentant; but who ſhall give me power to repent? He promiſes to gather me in mercy, though a while forſaken; yet I have long expected, with a fruſtrate expectation. He promiſes an exaltation to him that is humbled; yet my dejected heart is ſtill ſuppreſt. He promiſed freedom from the ſecond death to him that conquers; I ſtrive to overcome, yet feel a hell. His promiſe was to guard his Vineyard, and to dreſſe it; yet Foxes deſtroy it, and the wild Bore ſupplants it. He promiſed comfort to all thoſe that mourn; and yet I mourn without a comforter. He promiſed that the womans ſeed ſhould break the ſerpents head; and yet the Serpent never was more ſtrong. He bid me ſeek, and I ſhould find; and yet alas I ſeek, but can find nothing but my wants. He calls them Bleſſed that ſuffer for his name; yet who more miſerable? He promiſes the ſprings of life to him that thirſts; and yet I thirſt to death. My ſoul, what are his promiſes to thee, that art not able to perform thoſe hard conditions that give thee intereſt in thoſe promiſes?

Chear up my ſoul, and what thou canſt not do, endeavour. He that accepts the *will* for the *deed*, is in his promiſe Yea and Amen.

Mark 13. 31.

Heaven and earth ſhall paſſe away, but not one tittle of my Word.

His

His Proofs.

1 Kings 8 56.

Bleſſed be the Lord that hath given reſt unto his people, according unto all that he hath promiſed. There hath not failed one word of all his good promiſes which he hath promiſed.

2 Cor. 1. 20.

For all the promiſes of God in him are Yea, and in him Amen.

2 Kings 10. 10.

Know then, that there ſhall fall to the ground nothing of the word of the Lord.

Pſal. 119 89.

For ever, O Lord thy word is ſettled in heaven.

Autor Scalæ Parad. tom. 9. Aug. c. 8.

Feare not, O Bride, nor deſpair: think not thy ſelf contemned if thy Bride-groom withdraw his face awhile. All things co-operate for the beſt: both from his abſence and his preſence thou gaineſt light. He cometh to thee, and goeth from thee: he cometh to make thee conſolate; he goeth to make thee cautious, leſt thy abundant conſolation puffe thee up: he cometh, that thy languiſhing ſoul may be comforted; he goeth, leſt his familiarity ſhould be contemned, and being abſent, to be more deſired, and being deſired, to be more earneſtly ſought, and being long ſought, to be more acceptably found.

His

His Soliloquie.

WIle thou never, O my diſtruſtfull ſoul, ſubmit thy will onto his will that made thee? Muſt his goodneſs be always the circumference of thy deſires, and thy pleaſure ſtil the *centre*? Is it not enough that *Yea* and *Amen* hath promiſed the *ſubſtance* of thy happineſs, but muſt thou bind him to thy *circumſtances*? Shall the power of an infinite *Creatour* be confined to the pleaſure of a finite *creature*? Stand not in thine own light, my ſoul; the *Independance* of thy exorbitant deſires ſhuts the door upon that *happineſs* thou deſireſt. Art thou coveteous of a *bleſſing* before thou art qualified to receive it? He that intends thee a *Kingdome*, will firſt make thee capable of a Kingdome. Thou that ſhalt be a *gainer* by his favour, ſhalt be no *looſer* by his delay. Canſt thou hope to be filled with the water of life, not firſt purg'd with the fire of affliction? How often haſt thou murmured for that, which if enjoyed had been thy ruin? God hath promis'd, but hath delayed performance, to exerciſe thy *patience*. He hath decreed, but yet forbears, to rectifie thy *faith*. If *faith* be able to remove mountains, endeavour to remove thy infidelity. Endure, hope, believe; and he that comes will come, and will not tarry. O my ſoul, as nothing hinders the performance of his promiſe but diſtruſt, ſo nothing haſtens the promiſe of his performance but thy prayer.

His

His Prayer.

O God, that art all-ſufficient in thy ſelf, all-gracious in thy Son, moſt abſolute in thy purpoſes, and moſt faithfull in thy promiſes; I, the miſerable object of thy mercy, here humbly preſent my ſelf before thee, the merciſull beholder of my miſery. Lord, wherein have I to truſt but in thy mercies? and whereupon have I to build but on thy promiſes? Every ſinne is full of death, and every action is full of ſin; inſomuch that my whole life is nothing but a continued rebellion againſt thee: But O my God, thy goodneſs is like thy ſelf, infinite; and thy mercy is paſt my comprehending. Thou knoweſt that I am evill, and wholly evill, and that continually. Thou knoweſt I am but duſt and aſhes, and the very off-ſpring of corruption, and thy glory is no leſſe magnified in my confuſion then in my ſalvation. But, Lord, thou art a gracious God, and takeſt no pleaſure in the death of a diſtreſſed ſinner. Thy mercy is over all thy works, and thy goodneſs is from Generation to Generation. When I was in open rebellion againſt thee, thou reconcileſt thy ſelf to me; when I was utterly loſt, thou redeemeſt me with the innocent blood of thy dear Son; and being redeemed, thou haſt ſanctified me with the freeneſs of thy Spirit. Thou haſt raiſed me by thy power, and ſtrengthened me by thy promiſes. What ſhall I return thee, O my God, for

for what kind of recompence can duſt & aſhes make thee? My tongue ſhall ſing the wonders of thy goodneſſe, and praiſe thy name for ever and ever. Continue, O Lord, thy mercies to me, and viſit me according to thy wonted kindneſſe. Give me a wiſe heart, that I may give reſpect unto all thy Commandements, and a full confidence in all thy promiſes. Quicken my hope in the expectation of thy performance, and give me patience till then to attend thy leaſure. Lord, where I cannot underſtand, O teach me to wonder: and what I cannot doe, give me power to believe. Let not the apparition of mine own corruptions plunge me in deſpair, nor yet the ſenſe of thy indulgent love give me occaſion to preſume; that living here in the expectation of thy Truth, my hopes may be perfected into the glory of thy name.

Philip. II. 12.

Work out your own ſalvation with fear and trembling.

Mat. 24. 46.

Bleſſed is that ſervant, whom his Lord when he cometh ſhall find ſo doing.

THE END.

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